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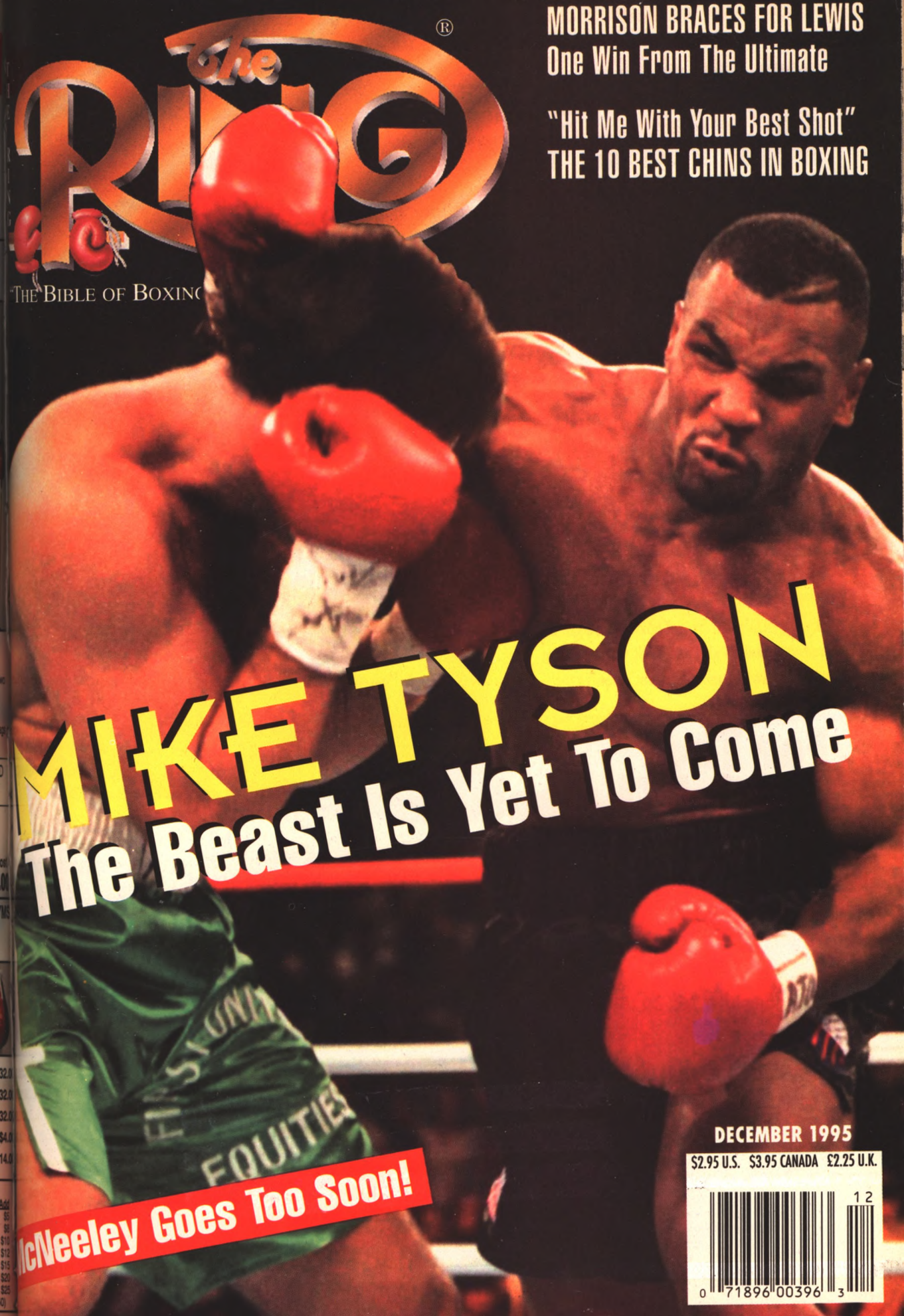

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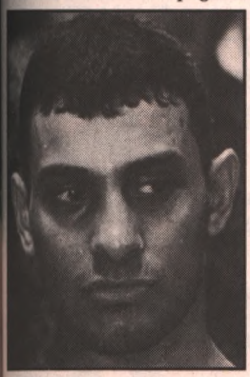

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RINGSIDE

Collins and Karabell and the rest of the boys at the office think I'm an old fogy, a crabby, jaded boxing writer tortured by 18 years on the beat. What do they know, anyway? If they were so smart, they wouldn't be boxing writers.

Fact is, boxing still turns me on a lot more than it pisses me off. And as we near the tail end of 1995, I find there's an awful lot to get excited about. For instance ...

I'm excited by the fact that I'll be ringside for Lennox Lewis-Tommy Morrison. Given Lewis' right hand, Morrison's left hook, and both fighters' chins, this could be a punchout to remember. Even if Lewis and Morrison set up 10 feet apart in respect of each other's power, the mere anticipation of what might happen will keep me from exhaling from opening to closing bell. This crossroads battle will eliminate one fighter from the heavyweight sweepstakes and elevate the other into another high-stakes superfight, which is why ...

I'm excited by Riddick Bowe-Evander Holyfield III. Think about it: There hasn't been a better heavyweight rivalry since Ali-Frazier. Their first two fights were beauties, as if you need to be reminded, and the rubber match should be just as compelling. These two simply mesh well. And the winner vs. the winner of Lewis-Morrison will create the ultimate challenge for a comebacking Mike Tyson. Which reminds me that ...

I'm excited by Tyson's comeback. Whenever I'm covering a big bout, I always conduct a butterflies-check just before the fighters make their ring walks. Regardless of his opponent, Tyson guarantees that big-fight feeling. There isn't another active fighter who creates such an aura. But Oscar De La Hoya seems on his way to doing just that, which leads me to the fact that ...

I'm excited by De La Hoya's Ray Leonard-like insistence on fighting nothing but big fights. Of course, at this point, any and every De La Hoya fight is a big fight. I'll grant you that the opposition in "The Golden Boy's" immediate future (Tracy Patterson, Jesse James Leija) is hardly overwhelming. But if De La Hoya and Pernell Whitaker keep winning, look for a showdown 18 months down the road. And speaking of showdowns ...

I'm exciting by the junior featherweight division, with Naseem Hamed, Marco Antonio Barrera, and soon-to-be-moving-up Wayne McCullough sure to clash. And I'm excited, too, by flyweight champion Danny Romero, who has the potential to become a mainstream star. Mainstream stars, of course, are good for boxing, which explains why ...

I'm excited by Roy Jones, who is being wooed by Nike, not to mention every middleweight, super middleweight, and light heavyweight in the world. Nobody knows just how good Jones really is. We'll probably find out in the next couple of years. And if that doesn't excite you, you're probably an old fogy, a crabby, jaded boxing fan ...

Steve Farhood
Editor-in-Chief

Volume 74, No. 12 December 1995

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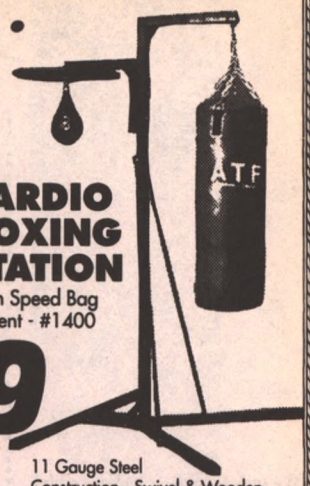

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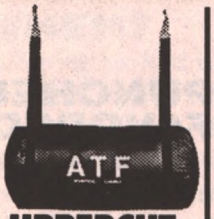

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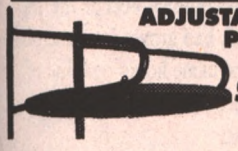

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COME OUT WRITING

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DON'T REBUKE "THE DUKE"

I am very disturbed by the way the boxing media treats Tommy Morrison. Very few articles are ever published about him, and in the rare occurrence when something is printed, the article is derogatory, pointing out his faults instead of his strengths. Morrison has only two losses in 47 pro bouts. People seem to argue that he hasn't faced quality opponents, but how many of today's top-10 heavyweights can accurately be described as quality? For that matter, how many of today's world *champions* can be described as quality?

After losing, at least Morrison is honest; he states *he* was the reason for the loss. How many times have you heard a fighter blame himself for a loss? Almost never. My favorite excuse is, "It was an off-night; it happens."

I have no doubt Morrison could be champion. He's scheduled to fight a former champion in Lennox Lewis, and with intensive training, he would knock out both WBA champion Bruce Seldon and WBC champion Oliver McCall.

ANN MARIE L. LYDIC
Baltimore, MD

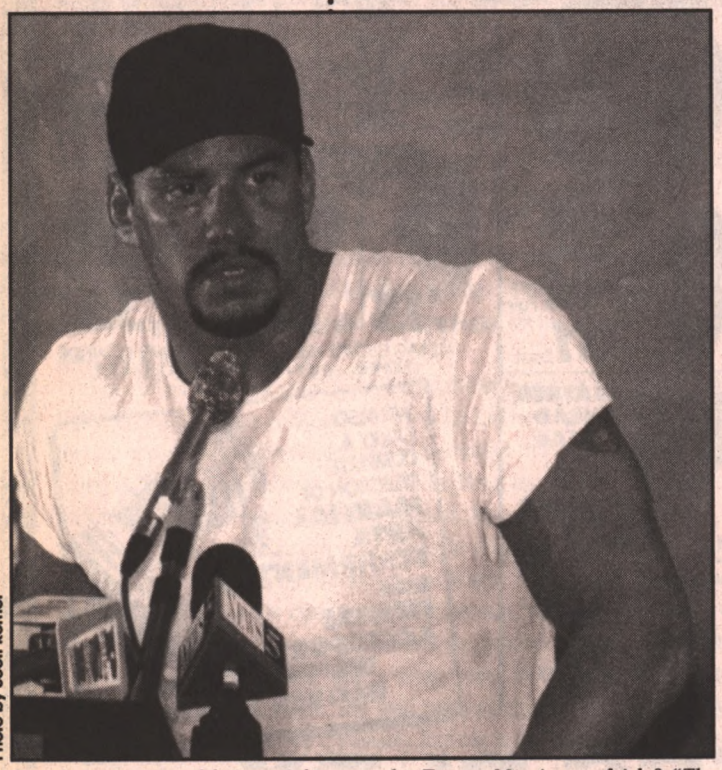


Photo by Scott Romer

Has the press treated heavyweight contender Tommy Morrison unfairly? "The Duke," shown after his kayo of Razor Ruddock, remains a player in the muddled heavyweight picture, and is preparing to fight Lennox Lewis.

PUNCHERS ARE FAVORED

When it was announced that Mike Tyson would be ranked first at heavyweight, even before he had engaged in his first comeback bout, we were presented with further evidence that heavy hitters will always be favored and overrated in the fight game. Former heavyweight champions Gene Tunney, Ezzard Charles, and Evander Holyfield, who toiled in the shadows of knockout punchers Dempsey, Louis, and Tyson, were never given proper credit for their accomplishments. Even Muhammad Ali was doubted after his two victories over Sonny Liston.

When fight experts analyze bouts like Tunney-Dempsey, Braddock-Baer, and even Holmes-Cooney, it seems as if they never consider that heart and determination were the key factors. Buster Douglas overcame the odds and destroyed the man once called the baddest on the planet, but all the experts said was "Tyson didn't train properly," and "Tyson wasn't himself that night," and "Tyson's cornermen were no good." They couldn't accept the fact that the journeyman from Columbus, Ohio, had grown into a legitimate contender and rose to the occasion and came home with the prize.

If Tyson fails to regain the title, I can't wait to hear what excuses the experts will come up with next.

SASHA SAIBI
San Francisco, CA

A HEART CHECK

I go back 50 years in boxing, and I can't remember seeing a *champion* appear as intimidated in the ring as Ed Hopson was against Tracy Patterson. He lost the fight long before the opening bell.

No, Eddie, you *won't* be back! What you need doesn't come with age or experience.

RON LEZAK
San Jose, CA

AN OVERRATED CHAMP

Is WBC lightweight champion Miguel Angel Gonzalez as good as advertised? I don't think so.

Why has Gonzalez repeatedly rejected the challenge of former IBF junior lightweight champion John-John Molina over the past two years? In the meantime, he has made defenses against Calvin Grove, Ricardo Silva, and Marty Jakubowski that have left us thrilled. Not!

What will happen when Gonzalez is hurt by a good finisher like Molina? I question the Mexican's lack of aggressiveness, which, unlike the three aforementioned challengers, Molina would exploit. C'mon, Miguel Angel, are you looking for a challenge? You know what? Molina is looking for a challenge, too.

HEBER S. LARACUENTE
Kissimmee, FL

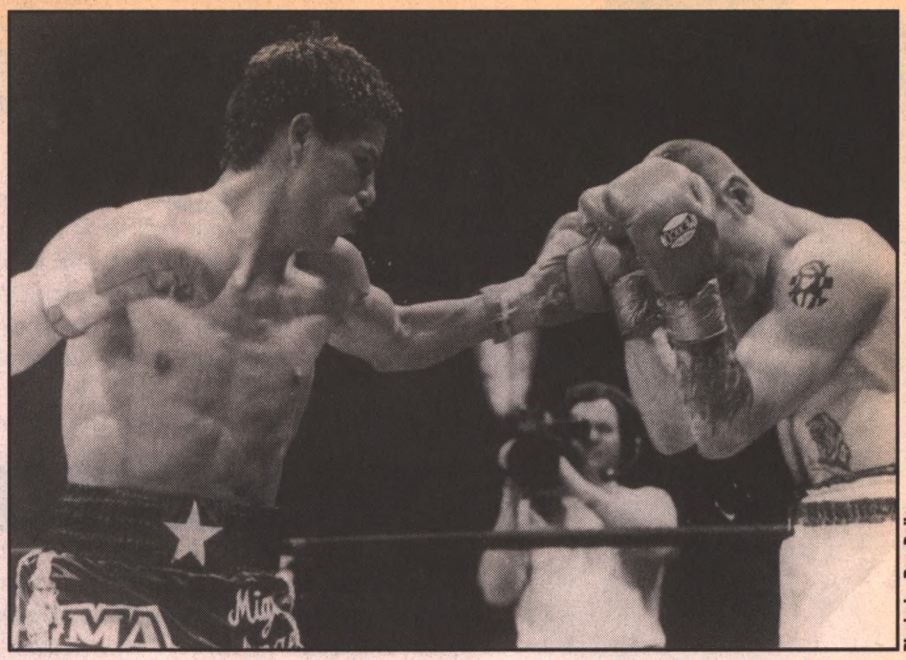


Photo by Ray Bailey

WBC lightweight champion Miguel Angel Gonzalez, shown vs. Marty Jakubowski, is either the heir-apparent to Julio Cesar Chavez or one of the most overrated champions in boxing.

JONES-BENN: WHEN?

In your March 1995 issue, Steve Farhood wrote that Nigel Benn and Chris Eubank belonged in the ring with Roy Jones as much as Michael Jordan belonged in the batter's box with Greg Maddux. He was right about Eubank, but he made one hell of a mess about Benn. Farhood doesn't need reminding of the excellent display of courage Benn showed against Gerald McClellan. Benn would defeat Jones, even knock him out.

Benn has had more kayos than Jones has had fights. Think about it: If a slow, lumbering James Toney had Jones constantly backpedaling, what would a fast, strong Benn do to him? And Benn can punch for 90 percent of a round—and I mean punch, and not slap, like Jones did throughout the Toney fight. Could Jones withstand the constant pressure for 12 rounds?

Even you, Mr. Farhood, an American, must sway for our British boy. In your heart of hearts, you must surely agree.

PAUL WHITCHER
Norwich, England

WBO: READY, SET, NO!

In response to Alan Mergler's letter in the July 1995 issue ("WBO: Ready, Set, Go!"), I felt the need to stand up and defend your magazine's stance against the Walt Disney organizations that are infesting the sport.

Mr. Mergler contests that the WBO now boasts of some exceptional champions, which is true, and that the organization should now be considered at least on a par with the so-called legitimate alphabet groups. This is also true, but given the total mishmash that world championship boxing has become, it's also besides the point.

In its original form, the WBA, which spawned the WBC, was around in the sport's golden years, and through the '70s and early-'80s we still had a pretty good idea of who the *real* world champions were.

Excessive squabbling prompted the formation of the IBF in 1983, and at the time, a new face on the scene was a welcomed breath of fresh air. The IBF has since proved itself an adequate federation, and its part in the broader picture is well-earned.

But as Mr. Mergler stated in the first line of his letter, "Enough is enough, already!" Given enough time and money and pretty belts with the words "world" and "champion" printed on them, any megalomaniac rich boy with more money than morality can set up and establish his own governing body. That's precisely what happened with the WBO.

In 10 years time, others will probably be clamoring for the likes of the WBF, IBC, and IBO to be fully recognized as well. As a genuine boxing fan, I can only hope THE RING stands as firm against them, as it has the WBO.

C. ELLIOTT
Hants, England ■

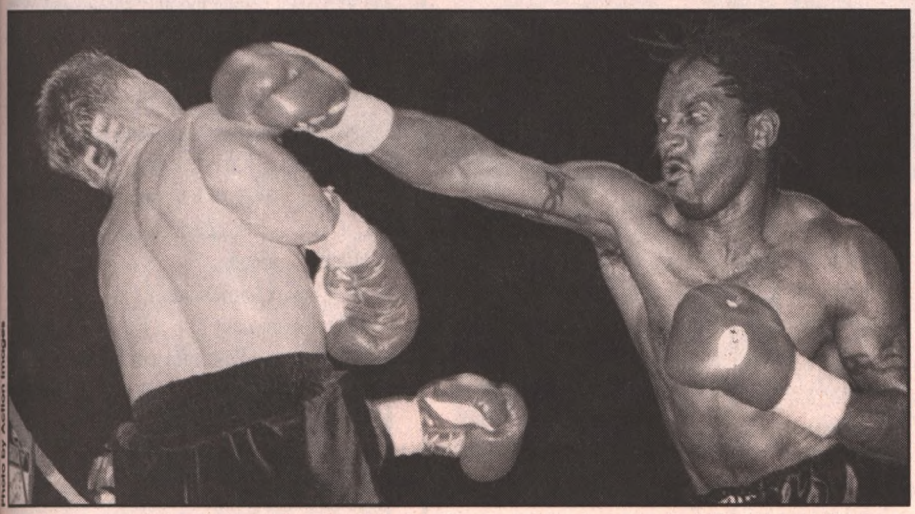


Photo by Action Images

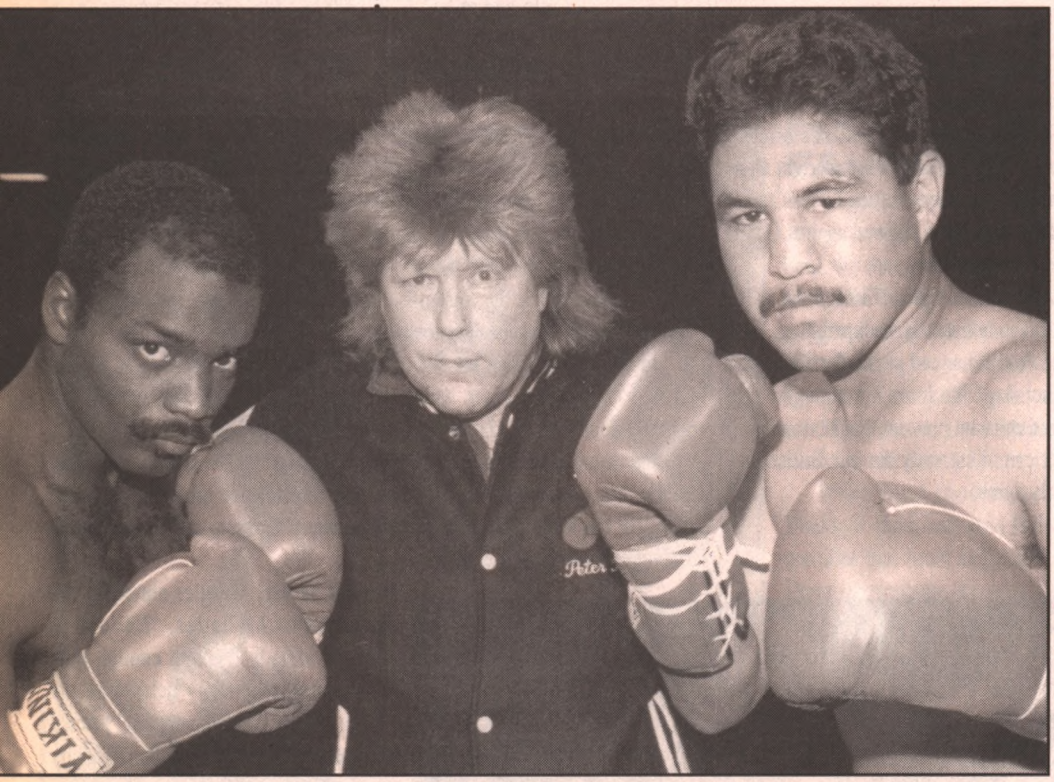
Nigel Benn lashes out at Vincenzo Nardiello during their battle for the WBC super middleweight title in London. Benn stopped the Italian in eight rounds. Roy Jones, of course, would provide a far sterner challenge.

ROUND ONE

THE OLYMPIC, CHAPTER II

Last year, Bob Arum's two-year contract with the Grand Olympic Auditorium was supposed to resurrect the once-great boxing pavilion that had laid dormant for seven years. But his promotional firm, Top Rank, lasted less than a year in Los Angeles.

Arum's reopening card, held in March 1994, was headlined by Oscar De La Hoya and James Toney, and attracted a crowd of 5,800—with only 2,900 paid. Top Rank's next 14 shows were lucky to bring in 1,000 paying customers per card. In January, Arum threw in the towel.



From left: Cassius Clay Horne, Peter Broudy, and Yori Boy Campas

Enter Peter Broudy. The spike-haired promoter eagerly grabbed the remaining dates on Top Rank's contract with Olympic owner Steve Needleman and has since promoted four shows that have attracted an average crowd of 3,500 hardcore fans. That's *paid* attendance.

Broudy says his success at the venue hinges on three rules: Put on competitive fights, promote regular monthly shows, and schedule main events late enough to allow working stiffs to file in with enough time to grab a few beers before the punches start flying.

Both Broudy and Needleman feel Arum's made-for-TV bouts, most of which started around five or six p.m. to accommodate ESPN or HBO, did not go over well with live audiences.

"I have the toughest fight fans in the world here," Broudy said. "They're knowledgeable about the fighters and the sport. I can't push off some bogus title fight and expect people to come out."

Three of Broudy's shows have been headlined by Mexican junior middleweight contender Yori Boy Campas, 59-1 (53), who has the same wrecking-ball style as Olympic legends Pipino Cuevas and Danny "Little Red" Lopez.

"I've always wanted to work at the Olympic," said Broudy, who is passionately aware of the arena's storied 70-year history. "I walk in that place and I can hear the ghosts from the past. I think Arum and Top Rank saw it as [just] another building."

–Douglass M. Fischer

IF THE CHAMP MAKES THE TITLE ... WHO NEEDS A BELT?

At the rate world champions are vacating their thrones, we'll be down to 40 or so titlists in no time. First George Foreman gave up the IBF heavyweight title because he didn't want to be rematched with Axel Schulz. Then Oscar De La Hoya gave up the IBF lightweight title because he didn't want to fight Miguel Julio. Then Genaro Hernandez gave up the WBA junior lightweight title because he wanted to fight De La Hoya.

And now Riddick Bowe has given up the spurious WBO heavyweight title because Evander Holyfield, whom Bowe will meet on November 4, wants to keep his options opened.

Confused? We hope so. Like THE RING, Bowe and Holyfield don't put much stock in the WBO. Frozen out by the three major alphabet groups, Bowe won the WBO title by stopping Herbie Hide in March. But when Holyfield insisted the WBO be excluded from his third battle vs. Bowe, "Big Daddy" agreed. It seems Holyfield feared that if he won the WBO title, he would all but eliminate his chances of regaining the belts he covets, which are those of the WBA, WBC, and IBF.

"With Evander, the whole thing is to be a three-time heavyweight champion," said Mike Boorman, a spokesman for Main Events, which promotes "The Real Deal." "He wants to be champion when the Olympic Games come to Atlanta [Holyfield's hometown] in 1996. Evander's a traditionalist in the sense that he still considers the WBA, WBC, and IBF the real titles."

With no title at stake, Bowe-Holyfield III is being billed as a bout between the world's two best heavyweights and will be a 12-rounder. Whether you believe they deserve that designation or not, if nothing else, their rubber match will help determine Mike Tyson's future. The winner vs. Tyson will be the biggest match money can buy. And be sure it'll take a lot of money to buy it.

Look for a full-length preview of Bowe-Holyfield III in next month's issue of THE RING.

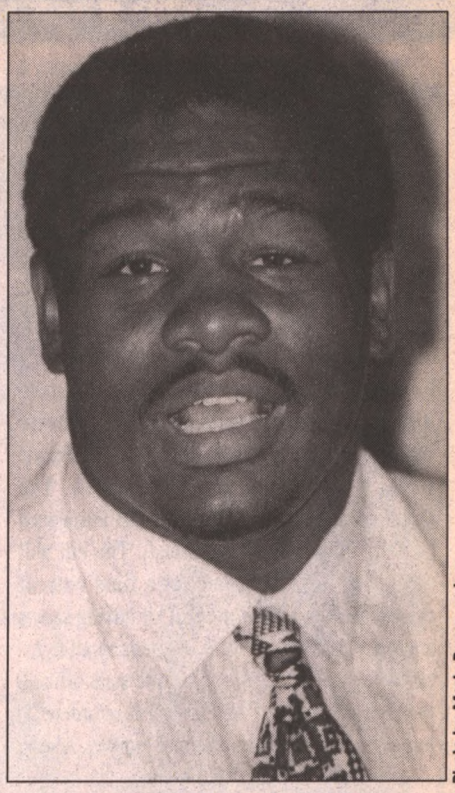


Photo by Marty Rosengarten

Bowe will be beltless for Holyfield

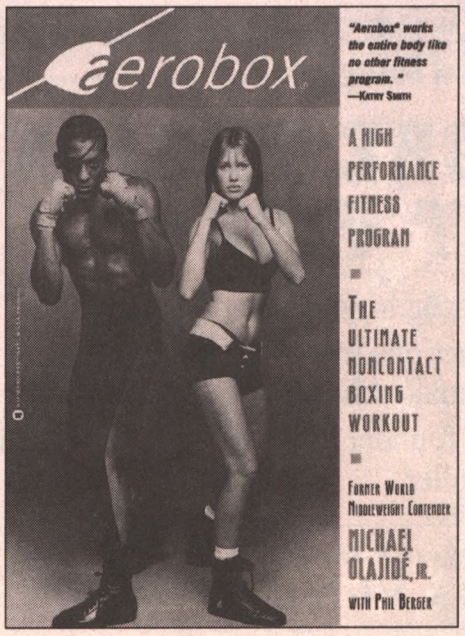
AIDS: MORE THAN A SCARE

According to a report in *Boxing News*, an incredible 33 South African fighters have been refused licenses after testing HIV-positive. AIDS testing has been mandatory in South Africa since 1994.

Dr. Sam Pitsoe of the South African Boxing Board of Control said he thought the KwaZulu-Natal region had the highest number of HIV-positive fighters because of the high prostitution in the area. " ... prostitutes [are] infected by sailors coming through [Durban] harbor," he said.

Pitsoe said many of the fighters, who range in age from 22 to 37 and include 10 boxers who have fought abroad, reacted with disbelief. "They won't accept it and they want to go to another laboratory," he said. "Some have shed tears. They say, 'You mean this is my death certificate? Boxing is my life. This is the end of my life.' "

THE BOXING BOOKSHELF

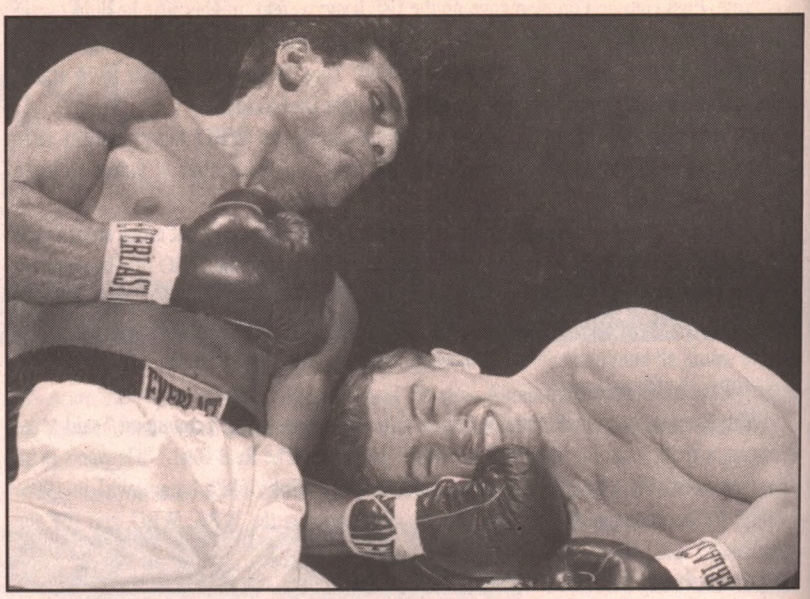


The concept of combining boxing and an aerobics workout seems far more palatable when legitimized by someone like former middleweight contender Michael Olajide, who, along with Phil Berger, has penned *Aerobox: A High Performance Fitness Program* (Warner Books; $12.99). If fitness is a priority and boxing is a passion, Aerobox, which is a non-contact workout, is for you. (Not everyone is looking to rearrange his or her nose.) Olajide's program stresses punching and jumping rope. His book includes more than 150 photos, as well as tips on stretching, diet, and calisthenics.

Last year, Olajide teamed with exercise guru Kathy Smith to showcase the Aerobox workout in a bestselling video. Whether you opt for the book or the tape, Aerobox is an entertaining way to exercise. As a promo for the book reads, "Get fit without getting hit."

–Steve Farhood

OUTSIDE THE ROPES



Eduardo Lausse punishes Wilfie Greaves

Argentine middleweight **Eduardo Lausse**, a staple of televised boxing in the '50s, died at age 67. Known for his left hook, Lausse defeated, among others, **Tiger Jones**, **Kid Gavilan**, and **Gene Fullmer**. His overall record: 69-9-3 (57) ... In July, WBA middleweight champion **Jorge Castro** was injured in a car accident in his native Argentina. Castro escaped with only a broken knuckle on a finger of his right hand. His sister-in-law and two other passengers were killed ... In Madrid, Spain, former heavyweight contender **Alfredo Evangelista** faces an 11-year sentence for possessing and selling drugs ... The Senate Commerce Committee has passed The Professional Boxing Safety Act, a bill introduced by **Sen. John McCain** (Arizona). The bill will now go to the full Senate for a final vote. If passed, the bill will ensure that all boxing shows are sanctioned by state officials, require all fighters to carry an ID card, and require state officials to honor medically related suspensions ordered by other commissions ... Triple-crown titlist **Jeff Fenech** is considering a return to the ring. The lure is a million-dollar purse for a bout vs. another comebacking former champion, **Brian Mitchell**.

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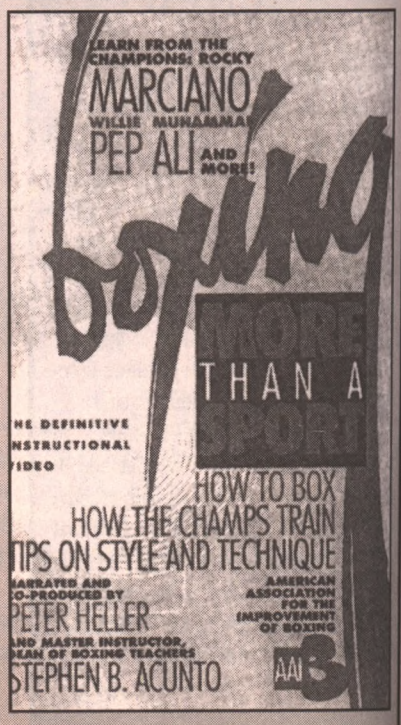


THE 10 REASONS YOU SHOULD FEEL GOOD ABOUT THE FRANS BOTHA-AXEL SCHULZ FIGHT

10. Don't you want to know who the *real* heavyweight champion is?

9. You haven't lived till you've seen a White Buffalo bleed from the snout.

8. A surprise: Max Schmeling will take the ringside mike and challenge the winner.

7. Don King's attempts to legitimize the fight could land him his own show on Comedy Central.

6. Dempsey ... Louis ... Marciano ... Ali ... Tyson ... **Botha**. It's a natural succession, don't you think?

5. They wouldn't dare put it on pay-per-view, so it won't cost you a dime to see.

4. After watching this one, Roy Jones is sure to jump to heavyweight.

3. Finally, a reason to celebrate world title fights having been reduced from 15 rounds to 12.

2. The fight is scheduled for December; a tape will make the ideal stocking-stuffer for that special someone.

1. It's not Botha-Axl Rose.

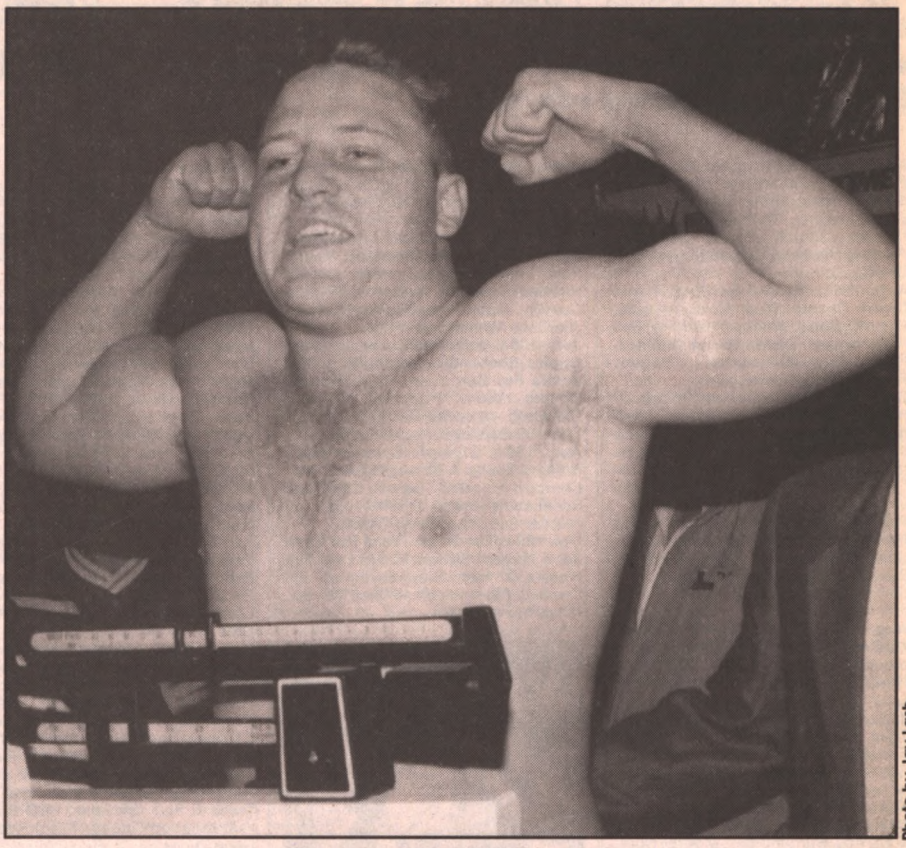


Photo by Jay Lash

This is what a White Buffalo looks like

THE PUNCHLINE

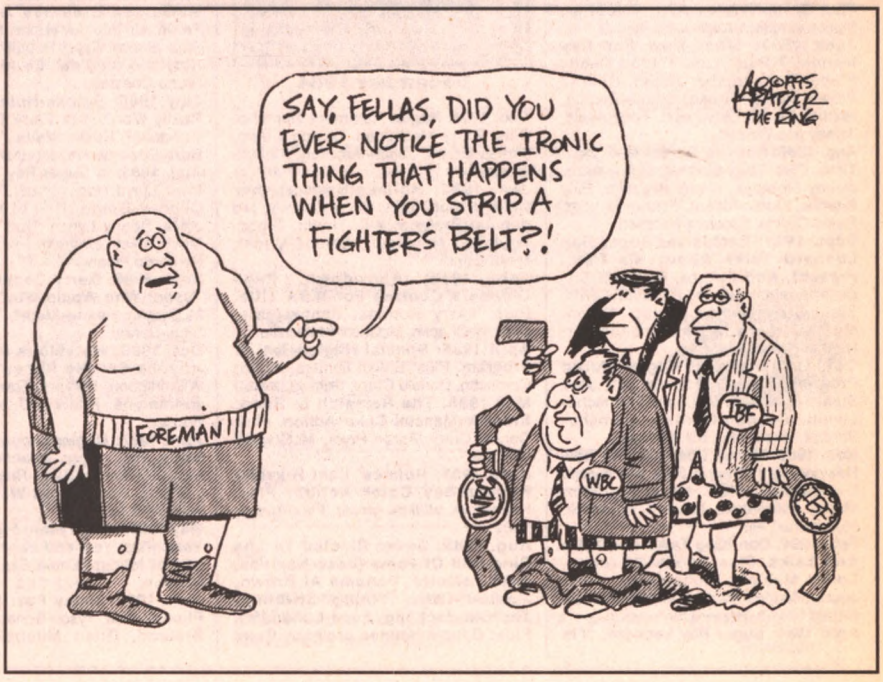
"It's a fight for vengeance for my friend Gerald McClellan. Unfortunately, Gerald is blind, a vegetable. But he'll be rooting me on in spirit, and Bruno will have to pay. I will take him out and try to do what he did to my friend."

–WBC heavyweight champion Oliver McCall (a very confused Oliver McCall) before his scheduled September 2 defense against Frank Bruno

"I can intimidate Tyson."

–Unbeaten 300-pound heavyweight and former tough-man champion Eric "Butterbean" Esch, who, after appearing in a scheduled four-rounder on *Top Rank Boxing*, is quickly developing into a cult hero

AL KRATZER'S VIEW



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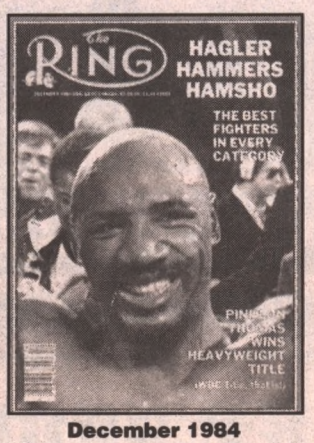

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THE RING RATINGS

For Period Ended August 10, 1995

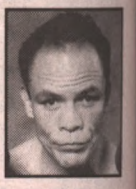
Sergei Kobozev
Cruiserweight

Nigel Benn
Super Middleweight

Lonnie Bradley
Middleweight

Verno Phillips
Junior Middleweight

Bronco McKart
Junior Middleweight



Daniel Zaragoza
Junior Featherweight

How Our Ratings Are Compiled

In each division, fighters are ranked according to their abilities and accomplishments.

Being champion does not necessarily mean a fighter will be rated at the top of his weight class.

These ratings reflect how the best fighters in the world rate against one another.

Ratings By The Editors

Records By Fight Fax Inc.

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight Unlimited

1. **RIDDICK BOWE**
   Fort Washington, MD *37-1*
2. **OLIVER McCALL**
   Chicago, IL *26-5 (WBC Champ)*
3. **EVANDER HOLYFIELD**
   Atlanta, GA *32-2*
4. **GEORGE FOREMAN**
   Houston, TX *74-4*
5. **MICHAEL MOORER**
   Detroit, MI *36-1*
6. **LENNOX LEWIS**
   England *27-1*
7. **BRUCE SELDON**
   Atlantic City, NJ *32-3 (WBA Champ)*
8. **TOMMY MORRISON**
   Jay, OK *45-2-1*
9. **ALEXANDR ZOLKIN**
   Westerville, OH *22-2*
10. **JAMES THUNDER**
    Riudoso, NM *28-5*

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 195 pounds

1. **AL COLE**
   Spring Valley, NY *27-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **NATE MILLER**
   Philadelphia, PA *25-4 (WBA Champ)*
3. **ORLIN NORRIS**
   Campo, CA *43-4*
4. **ADOLPHO WASHINGTON**
   Lexington, KY *24-3-2*
5. **ANACLET WAMBA**
   France *45-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
6. **SERGEI KOBOZEV**
   Brooklyn, NY *22-0*
7. **TORSTEN MAY**
   Germany *10-0*
8. **PATRICE AOUSSI**
   France *15-0*
9. **KENNY KEENE**
   Emmett, ID *32-1*
10. **MARCELO DOMINGUEZ**
    Argentina *17-1-1 (WBC Interim Champ)*

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 175 pounds

1. **VIRGIL HILL**
   Bismarck, ND *40-1 (WBA Champ)*
2. **HENRY MASKE**
   Germany *27-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **FABRICE TIOZZO**
   France *32-1 (WBC Champ)*
4. **MONTELL GRIFFIN**
   Chicago, IL *16-0*
5. **JAMES TONEY**
   Ann Arbor, MI *47-2-2*
6. **MERQUI SOSA**
   New York, NY *25-4-2*
7. **MIKE McCALLUM**
   Brooklyn, NY *48-3-1*
8. **DARIUSZ MICHALCZEWSKI**
   Germany *27-0*
9. **GRACIANO ROCCHIGIANI**
   Germany *37-2-1*
10. **MICHAEL NUNN**
    Davenport, IA *45-3*

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 168 pounds

1. **ROY JONES**
   Pensacola, FL *29-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. **NIGEL BENN**
   England *41-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
3. **STEVE COLLINS**
   Ireland *29-3*
4. **FRANK LILES**
   N. Hollywood, CA *27-1 (WBA Champ)*
5. **CHRIS EUBANK**
   England *43-1-2*
6. **TIM LITTLES**
   Flint, MI *26-1*
7. **VINNY PAZIENZA**
   Cranston, RI *40-6*
8. **TONY THORNTON**
   Glassboro, NJ *37-6-1*
9. **BRYANT BRANNON**
   Trenton, NJ *15-0*
10. **SUGARBOY MALINGA**
    South Africa *40-9*

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 160 pounds

1. **JORGE CASTRO**
   Argentina *97-4-2 (WBA Champ)*
2. **BERNARD HOPKINS**
   Philadelphia, PA *27-2-1 (IBF Champ)*
3. **QUINCY TAYLOR**
   Dallas, TX *25-3*
4. **JOHN DAVID JACKSON**
   Seattle, WA *33-1*
5. **JULIAN JACKSON**
   Virgin Islands *51-3 (WBC Champ)*
6. **REGGIE JOHNSON**
   Houston, TX *35-4-1*
7. **JOE LIPSEY**
   Lansing, MI *25-0*
8. **DANA ROSENBLATT**
   Malden, MA *24-0*
9. **LONNIE BRADLEY**
   New York, NY *22-0*
10. **RICHIE WOODHALL**
    England *19-0*

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 154 pounds

1. **VINCENT PETTWAY** — Baltimore, MD 38-4-1 (IBF Champ)
2. **JULIO CESAR VASQUEZ** — Argentina 54-2
3. **BUDDY McGIRT** — Hauppauge, NY 67-4-1
4. **CARL DANIELS** — St. Louis, MO 34-1 (WBA Champ)
5. **VERNO PHILLIPS** — New York, NY 25-5-1
6. **YORI BOY CAMPAS** — Mexico 59-1
7. **TERRY NORRIS** — Mission Valley, CA 38-6
8. **BRONCO McKART** — Monroe, MI 26-1
9. **LAURENT BOUDOUANI** — France 29-2
10. **RAUL MARQUEZ** — Houston, TX 21-0

WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 147 pounds

1. **PERNELL WHITAKER** — Norfolk, VA 35-1-1 (WBC Champ)
2. **FELIX TRINIDAD** — Puerto Rico 26-0 (IBF Champ)
3. **IKE QUARTEY** — Ghana 29-0 (WBA Champ)
4. **CRISANTO ESPANA** — N. Ireland 31-1
5. **DERRELL COLEY** — Capitol Heights, MD 27-0-2
6. **WILFREDO RIVERA** — Puerto Rico 21-0-1
7. **OBA CARR** — Detroit, MI 34-1
8. **VINCE PHILLIPS** — Las Vegas, NV 31-1
9. **EAMONN LOUGHRAN** — Ireland 24-1-1
10. **HECTOR CAMACHO** — Orlando, FL 54-3

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 140 pounds

1. **FRANKIE RANDALL** — Warren, OH 52-3-1 (WBA Champ)
2. **KOSTYA TSZYU** — Australia 15-0 (IBF Champ)
3. **JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ** — Mexico 94-1-1 (WBC Champ)
4. **JUAN COGGI** — Argentina 69-3-2
5. **DAVID KAMAU** — Los Angeles, CA 26-0
6. **JAKE RODRIGUEZ** — Brentwood, NY 27-3-2
7. **FRED PENDLETON** — Miami, FL 38-20-4
8. **JAN BERGMAN** — South Africa 26-0
9. **SAMMY FUENTES** — Hermosa Beach, CA 31-13-1
10. **KHALID RAHILOU** — France 24-2

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 135 pounds

1. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA** — Whittier, CA 18-0
2. **MIGUEL ANGEL GONZALEZ** — Mexico 37-0 (WBC Champ)
3. **ORZUBEK NAZAROV** — Japan 21-0 (WBA Champ)
4. **RAFAEL RUELAS** — Arleta, CA 43-2
5. **STEVE JOHNSTON** — Denver, CO 15-0
6. **MIGUEL JULIO** — Colombia 29-1-1
7. **JOHN-JOHN MOLINA** — Puerto Rico 37-4
8. **SHANE MOSLEY** — Pomona, CA 18-0
9. **LEAVANDER JOHNSON** — Atlantic City, NJ 23-1-1
10. **IVAN ROBINSON** — Delran, NJ 19-0

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 130 pounds

1. **GABE RUELAS** — Arleta, CA 41-2 (WBC Champ)
2. **GENARO HERNANDEZ** — Los Angeles, CA 32-0-1
3. **TRACY PATTERSON** — Highland, NY 53-3-1 (IBF Champ)
4. **JESSE JAMES LEIJA** — San Antonio, TX 30-1-2
5. **REGGIE TUUR** — Whitestone, NY 38-3-1
6. **ARTURO GATTI** — Jersey City, NJ 21-1
7. **ROBERT GARCIA** — Oxnard, CA 22-0
8. **VICTOR HUGO PAZ** — Argentina 55-1-1
9. **ED HOPSON** — St. Louis, MO 26-1
10. **ANATOLY ALEXANDROV** — Kazakhstan 24-2

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 126 pounds

1. **ALEJANDRO GONZALEZ** — Mexico 37-2 (WBC Champ)
2. **TOM JOHNSON** — Detroit, MI 40-2-1 (IBF Champ)
3. **STEVE ROBINSON** — Wales 21-9-1
4. **ELOY ROJAS** — Venezuela 31-1-1 (WBA Champ)
5. **KEVIN KELLEY** — Flushing, NY 42-1-1
6. **EVER BELENO** — Colombia 30-1
7. **MIGUEL ARROZAL** — Portland, OR 24-5
8. **MANUEL MEDINA** — Mexico 50-6
9. **DERRICK GAINER** — Pensacola, FL 14-3
10. **WILFREDO VASQUEZ** — Puerto Rico 42-7-3

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 122 pounds

1. **VUYANI BUNGU** — South Africa 27-2 (IBF Champ)
2. **MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA** — Mexico 37-0
3. **NASEEM HAMED** — England 19-0
4. **HECTOR ACERO-SANCHEZ** — New York, NY 32-2-3 (WBC Champ)
5. **ANTONIO CERMENO** — Venezuela 22-1 (WBA Champ)
6. **ORLANDO CANIZALES** — Laredo, TX 40-2-1
7. **DANIEL ZARAGOZA** — Mexico 50-7-3
8. **WELCOME NCITA** — South Africa 35-2
9. **ERIK MORALES** — Mexico 17-0
10. **KENNEDY McKINNEY** — Las Vegas, NV 27-1-1

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 118 pounds

1. **WAYNE McCULLOUGH** — Las Vegas, NV 17-0 (WBC Champ)
2. **MBULELO BOTILE** — South Africa 17-0 (IBF Champ)
3. **DAORUNG MP PETROLEUM** — Thailand 55-4-1 (WBA Champ)
4. **YASUEI YAKUSHIJI** — Japan 24-3-1
5. **NANA KONADU** — Ghana 35-2
6. **ANCEE GEDEON** — Westminster, CA 13-7-1
7. **ELIECER JULIO** — Colombia 29-1
8. **AL KOTEY** — England 20-1
9. **JOICHIRO TATSUYOSHI** — Japan 10-2-1
10. **PAULIE AYALA** — Fort Worth, TX 15-0

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 115 pounds

1. **HAROLD GREY** — Colombia 20-0 (IBF Champ)
2. **HIROSHI KAWASHIMA** — Japan 17-2-1 (WBC Champ)
3. **JOHNNY TAPIA** — Albuquerque, NM 30-0-2
4. **JULIO BORBOA** — Mexico 24-6
5. **ALIMI GOITIA** — Venezuela 12-0 (WBA Champ)
6. **HYUNG CHUL LEE** — South Korea 19-5
7. **CECILIO ESPINO** — Huntington Park, CA 30-3-1
8. **DAVID GRIMAN** — Venezuela 20-2
9. **RICARDO VARGAS** — Mexico 20-4-3
10. **ARTHUR JOHNSON** — Cahokia, IL 11-3

FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 112 pounds

1. **YURI ARBACHAKOV** — Japan 20-0 (WBC Champ)
2. **DANNY ROMERO** — Albuquerque, NM 25-0 (IBF Champ)
3. **SAEN SOW PLOENCHIT** — Thailand 22-0 (WBA Champ)
4. **MARK JOHNSON** — Washington, D.C. 25-1
5. **ALBERTO JIMENEZ** — Mexico 29-3-2
6. **ISAIAS ZAMUDIO** — Blythe, CA 39-5-1
7. **HIROKI IOKA** — Japan 29-5
8. **CHATCHAI ELITE-GYM** — Thailand 20-0
9. **FRANCISCO TEJEDOR** — Colombia 42-3
10. **ENRIQUE OROZCO** — Mexico 28-4-1

JR. FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 108 pounds

1. **SAMAN SORJATURONG** — Thailand 26-2-1 (WBC/IBF Champ)
2. **CHIQUITA GONZALEZ** — Mexico 41-3
3. **MICHAEL CARBAJAL** — Phoenix, AZ 35-2
4. **HI YONG CHOI** — South Korea 18-1 (WBA Champ)
5. **MELCHOR COB CASTRO** — Mexico 44-4-4
6. **CARLOS MURILLO** — Panama 28-2
7. **LEO GAMEZ** — Venezuela 28-4-1
8. **YUICHI HOSONO** — Japan 22-3-1
9. **ERIC GRIFFIN** — Jasper, TN 14-2
10. **JESUS CHONG** — Mexico 28-6

POUND-FOR-POUND

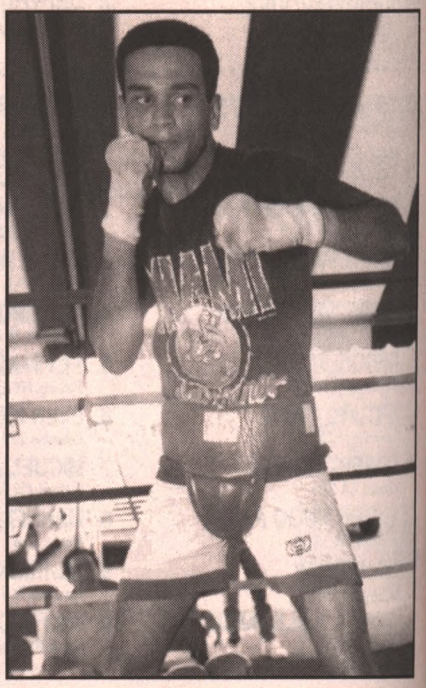
1. **PERNELL WHITAKER** — Welterweight
2. **ROY JONES** — Super Middleweight
3. **RICARDO LOPEZ** — Strawweight
4. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA** — Lightweight
5. **FELIX TRINIDAD** — Welterweight
6. **FRANKIE RANDALL** — Junior Welterweight
7. **YURI ARBACHAKOV** — Flyweight
8. **KOSTYA TSZYU** — Junior Welterweight
9. **RIDDICK BOWE** — Heavyweight
10. **MIGUEL ANGEL GONZALEZ** — Lightweight

NEW FACES

DAVID SANTOS

Featherweight

By Roger Mooney

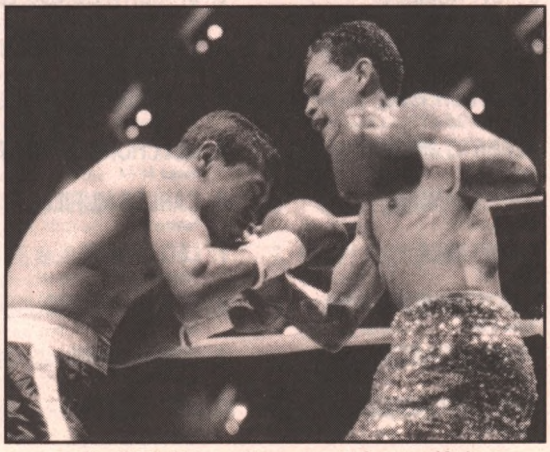


He bounced out of the dressing room to the delight of the 2,000 fight fans who filled the St. Petersburg Coliseum. His trunks, decorated with silver sequins, appeared to be dotted with thousands of diamonds, each sparkling beneath the house lights. He wore a silver vest and silver shoes. Women squealed as he danced around the ring. Grown men stood and chanted his name.

"Diamond" David Santos' opponent that night, Lee Cargle, hit the canvas three times before the bout was stopped at 1:34 of the third round. As the crowd roared, Santos grabbed the ring microphone and shouted, "I will win the world featherweight title. Trust me."

That was in December 1993, and his fans are still waiting. The 24-year-old Santos, 22-0 (15), is as intent as ever to make good on his promise. With the surgery to repair a split tendon over the middle knuckle of his right hand having been a success, Santos feels he is three or four fights away from a shot at Tom Johnson's IBF featherweight crown.

"I want it to happen, but I'm not going to rush myself," he said. "Good things come to those who wait. My time will be my time. When it's my time, I'll be ready. I feel I can fight for the title right now, but I'm not physically or mentally ready. I would really like to have three to four tuneup fights to be 100 percent with the hand going into the title fight."



In all 21 of his pro bouts, Santos has sparkled

The injury occurred during the fourth round of his July 1994 battle with Steve Young.

"I dropped him with a straight right, and that's when I felt it," Santos recalled. "It split the glove and everything."

Young got up and continued, forcing Santos to go the distance. Using only his left hand for the last six rounds, he earned a 10-round decision. One month later, he was back in the ring, winning by fourth-round

(Continued on page 55)

PRO RECORD

1991		
Sept. 7	Cornell Harris, Sarasota, FL	KO 1
Oct. 16	Walter Suber, Sarasota	KO 1
Oct. 19	Jenaro Aguirre, Tampa	W 6
1992		
Jan. 25	Ken Jones, Daytona, FL	KO 3
Feb. 14	Leonard Aurillo, St. Petersburg, FL	KO 2
May 1	Arturo Padilla, St. Petersburg	KO 2
Aug. 1	Roy Simpson, Jacksonville, FL	W 6
Aug. 27	Antonio Garris, Tampa	KO 2
Oct. 24	Adan Aviles, Portland, ME	KO 1
1993		
Feb. 4	Cliff Hicks, Ft. Lauderdale, FL	W 8
Feb. 26	Jaime Castellano, St. Petersburg	KO 2
May 8	Manny Santiago, Foxboro, MA	W 6
June 7	Adan Aviles, Boston, MA	KO 2
Aug. 14	Dimitri Epitchin, Biloxi, MS	W 8
Dec. 2	Lee Cargle, St. Petersburg	KO 3
1994		
Feb. 25	Jeff Hanna, St. Petersburg	KO 2
April 29	Jerome Coffee, St. Petersburg	KO 8
July 22	Steve Young, St. Petersburg	W 10
Sept. 16	Adolfo Castillo, St. Petersburg	KO 4
Dec. 9	Albert Rendon, St. Petersburg	W 10
1995		
June 2	Roy Simpson, St. Petersburg	KO 3
Aug. 5	Edgar Garcia, Albuquerque	KO1

FIGHTS	WON	LOST	DREW	KO
22	22	0	0	15

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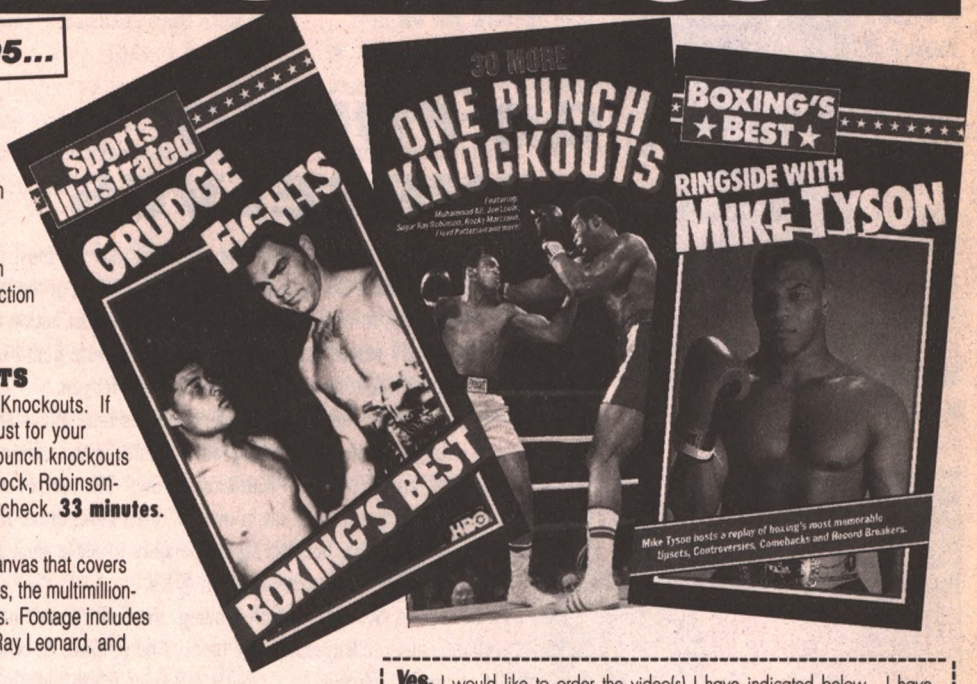

GRUDGE FIGHTS

The greatest grudge fights in boxing history are presented in this non-stop action video. See Jack Dempsey try to regain the title from Gene Tunney and Joe Louis seek revenge against Max Schmeling. Watch Joe Walcott battle Ezzard Charles and Rocky Marciano in epic wars, the Ali Frazier trilogy, plus a collection of rare footage that recounts boxing's most memorable bouts. **58 minutes.**

MORE ONE-PUNCH KNOCKOUTS

The exciting followup to Great One-Punch Knockouts. If you like knockout action, this video is a must for your collection. You'll see these fantastic one-punch knockouts and many more: Ali-Liston II, Louis-Braddock, Robinson-Fullmer, Patterson-Johansson II, Louis-Paycheck. **33 minutes.**

RINGSIDE WITH MIKE TYSON

Mike Tyson puts it all together in a colorful canvas that covers the main events, the controversies, the upsets, the multimillion-dollar gates, the records, and the comebacks. Footage includes Sonny Liston, Jake LaMotta, Ray Robinson, Ray Leonard, and much more. **44 minutes.**

THE MIDDLEWEIGHTS

The most skillful and devastating middleweights in the history of boxing are profiled in this fast-moving video. Watch stellar performances by Stanley Ketchel, Sugar Ray Robinson, and Marcel Cerdan. Also includes Rocky Graziano, Jake LaMotta, Carlos Monzon, and many others. Hosted by Curt Gowdy and Floyd Patterson. **58 minutes.**

BOXING'S GREATEST CHAMPIONS

Match wits with the Boxing Writers of America as they choose the best fighter of all-time from each division and then debate who deserves the title of the Greatest Fighter of All-Time. Includes explosive fight footage of Henry Armstrong, Benny Leonard, and Roberto Duran in the lightweight division; welterweights Barney Ross, Henry Armstrong, and Ray Robinson; middleweights Mickey Walker, Carlos Monzon, and Ray Robinson; light heavyweights Bob Fitzsimmons, Billy Conn, and Archie Moore; heavyweights Muhammad Ali, Rocky Marciano, and Joe Louis. **60 minutes.**

THE HEAVYWEIGHTS: "THE BIG PUNCHERS"

The biggest draw in sports today is the heavyweight knockout artist. This hard-hitting video explores boxing's most famous punchers. A sample of the action included in this video are clips of Dempsey's savage victory over Willard, the second Louis-Schmeling fight, Marciano vs. Walcott, and Frazier vs. Ali. **59 minutes.**

GREAT ONE-PUNCH KNOCKOUTS

You've got a ringside seat for a heart-stopping lineup of boxing's most exciting knockouts, including Muhammad Ali-George Foreman, Ezzard Charles-Joe Walcott, Jim Corbett-Bob Fitzsimmons, Rocky Marciano-Joe Walcott, Sugar Ray Robinson-Rocky Graziano, and many more. **30 minutes.**

THE HEAVYWEIGHTS: THE STYLISTS

Host Curt Gowdy highlights the careers of the sport's finest boxers. Beginning with Jim Corbett, you'll see challengers throughout history battle in some of the most striking film coverage ever assembled. Jack Johnson displays exquisite defensive skills, Floyd Patterson shows off his peek-a-boo style, Gene Tunney demonstrates the scientific approach to boxing, and Muhammad Ali exhibits the skills that made him "The Greatest," plus Walcott, Charles, and Louis. **57 minutes.**

TYSON AND THE HEAVYWEIGHTS

Join Mike Tyson as he takes a tour through the history of the heavyweight division. Tyson adds his own insight as he analyzes the styles and lives of the men who wore the heavyweight crown before him. This fantastic video includes rare footage of Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey, Joe Louis, Rocky Marciano, Muhammad Ali, and, of course, Tyson himself. **51 minutes.**

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RYAN OUT LOUD

By Jeff Ryan

GO FUNGO YOURSELVES

Boxing must really be enjoying this. For once, it's not the most obnoxious kid in the neighborhood, the smelliest vagrant on the train, the ugliest guy in the singles bar, or the dumbest dumbbell in the class. This year, at least, baseball managed to wrest from the fight game the distinction of being the most distasteful business in sports. Just how unlikely would that changing of the outhouse guard have seemed a few years ago? About as likely as Greg Maddux becoming easier to hit than Greg Haugen.

In 1995, baseball players have become as popular as rain delays and $10 parking. They've come to epitomize all that is wrong with the modern-day athlete, and, in the case of some of them, seem darn proud of it. Meanwhile, the sport unveiled a new "Murderer's Row." The members didn't stand in batter's boxes and drive fastballs out of the park, but instead sat in owners' boxes and drove fans *away from* the park. For years now, baseball's powers-that-be have been trying desperately to make their game as appealing as the NBA. At this rate, they're going to make it as appealing as the *WBA*.

The 1919 Black Sox Scandal notwithstanding, baseball doesn't have The Sweet Science's rich history of suspicious scenarios and predetermined outcomes. And in terms of criminal element in its ranks, baseball can't hold a candle to boxing. (Not even a candle left over from that vigil outside the Indiana Youth Center in March.) But if you take a good look at the past-its-time national pastime, it sure seems to have stolen a lot of its game plan from the playbooks of King, Arum, Duva, and Sulaiman.

Photo by Rafael Morffi

Does Oscar De La Hoya look like he's ready to tell his fans to go to hell? For the most part, boxers enjoy mixing with their fans. The same can certainly not be said of baseball players.

You want to talk about watered-down championships? Now, baseball has a wild-card playoff system that makes it possible for a mediocre team to play in the World Series. (The horsehide equivalent of a WBA mandatory contender getting a title shot). Like boxing, baseball has ticket prices that are constantly increasing, regardless of the quality of the product. Moreover, it suffers from an imbalance of power. A handful of large-market teams control the free agent bidding, just as the richest few promoters have a virtual stranglehold on the top fighters.

Worst of all, baseball, like boxing, has alienated the potential fans of tomorrow by taking the sport away from them. Boxing did it by shifting the marquee attractions from network TV to expensive pay-per-view. Baseball did it by starting World Series games at

9 p.m. on school nights and deciding to not air some playoff games in certain regions of the country.

SON: (between mouthfuls of Froot Loops) Dad, who won the game last night?

FATHER: (between mouthfuls of Product 19) I don't know, Junior, but when I went to bed at midnight, Atlanta was leading 3-0 in the top of the sixth.

Among those of us who enjoy watching a power hitter with no socks as much as one wearing stirrups, the tarnishing of baseball's good name could indeed be cause for rejoicing. After all, boxing suddenly has a fellow whipping boy to share the abuse dished out by everyone from the journalistic high and mighty to the ticket-buying rank and file. For once, telling someone you write for *The Sporting News* might actually elicit more snide remarks than telling them you write for THE RING.

So why isn't this man smiling?

Maybe because, as someone who has covered both sports, I wonder why it has taken people so long to see through baseball's Eddie Haskell exterior, while boxing is forever presumed to be up to no good—even when it hasn't done anything wrong. I know how fighters and ballplayers compare in terms of fan-friendliness, media accessibility, attitude, temperament, and basic decency or lack thereof. And armed with that knowledge, I have long been annoyed that the boys of summer were forever spoken of in poetic, often mythical terms, while the boys of stagger were considered by many to be social misfits, violent animals, and dopes.

So, after an eight-month strike and the cancellation of the World Series, the sporting public has finally struck back in the form of empty seats, turned-off televisions, and talk-radio vitriol. Hey, America, what took you so long? Your protests should have been issued long before the players and owners gave you the high hard one last August. Trust me, there's a lot you could have shouted about.

Let's start with those autograph sessions. Ten bucks a pop for .250 hitters up to, what, $150 for DiMaggio? You know what most boxing autographs cost? Nothing. If you attended the induction ceremonies at the International Boxing Hall of Fame in Canastota, New York, in June, you could have taken home the John Hancocks of everyone from Alexis Arguello to Fighting Harada, and Emile Griffith to Bob Foster. And it wouldn't have cost you anything. (Except maybe your pen, in the event that Ken Norton mistakenly put it in his pocket and you didn't have the nerve to ask for it back.)

Those of us in the press are trained not to ask for autographs, but there were two times in my career when the temptation was too strong to resist. Marvin Hagler once signed a Hagler-Leonard program that was a gift for my brother-in-law. After penning his name, Marvelous wrote beneath it, "They robbed me." Weeks later, Leonard signed his name on the same program, then answered Hagler's message with, "He's lying!" Find me two Hall of Fame ballplayers who would do that.

In boxing, the relationship between athlete and journalist is rarely adversarial, no matter how many times a fighter has been ravaged in print. Promoters and managers have given me the brush-off, but I can't recall any fighter—including Mike Tyson—who wasn't available to me at least once if his time was requested. Many boxers do interviews on the day of a fight, sometimes even in the dressing room. And many fighters have shared their thoughts with me after the most heartbreaking of defeats, providing some of the most poignant moments a writer could ever hope to chronicle. By contrast, how many years did baseball fans wait for a quote from Steve Carlton? Or Eddie Murray? Which Yankees aren't talking to the press this week? Which reporter will Bobby Bonilla threaten next?

Ballplayers talk about how tough it is to play for this manager or in that city, even though they're making $3-million a year. They like to use words like "pressure" and "lack of appreciation." Boxers never cry about how tough it is to get whacked in the face for sometimes as little as $400 a bout, or get thrown in with someone stronger and far more experienced. Most boxers are grounded in reality. Some ballplayers are as lost in space as Apollo 13. Boxers don't tell the public to go to hell. In '95, a few ballplayers told their fans exactly that. In just those words.

I'm not sure what my most enduring boxing memory of the year will be. Perhaps Oscar De La Hoya drilling Rafael Ruelas. Or Mike Tyson's comeback. Or maybe something else. There's no doubt, though, what my most enduring baseball memory will be: Yankees pitcher Jack McDowell flipping the bird to the New York fans who booed as he left the mound at Yankee Stadium in July.

The last time I saw a *fighter* flip anything was about a year ago, when Eddie Hopson flipped himself after winning a bout. Hopson was head over heels that day, something many of us used to be whenever we were sitting in a Major League stadium and watching our heroes trot out of the dugout to take their positions on one of those fields of dreams.

Baseball fans can go to hell, eh? Well, maybe they ought to just head off to a fight card instead. But not without a pen. ■

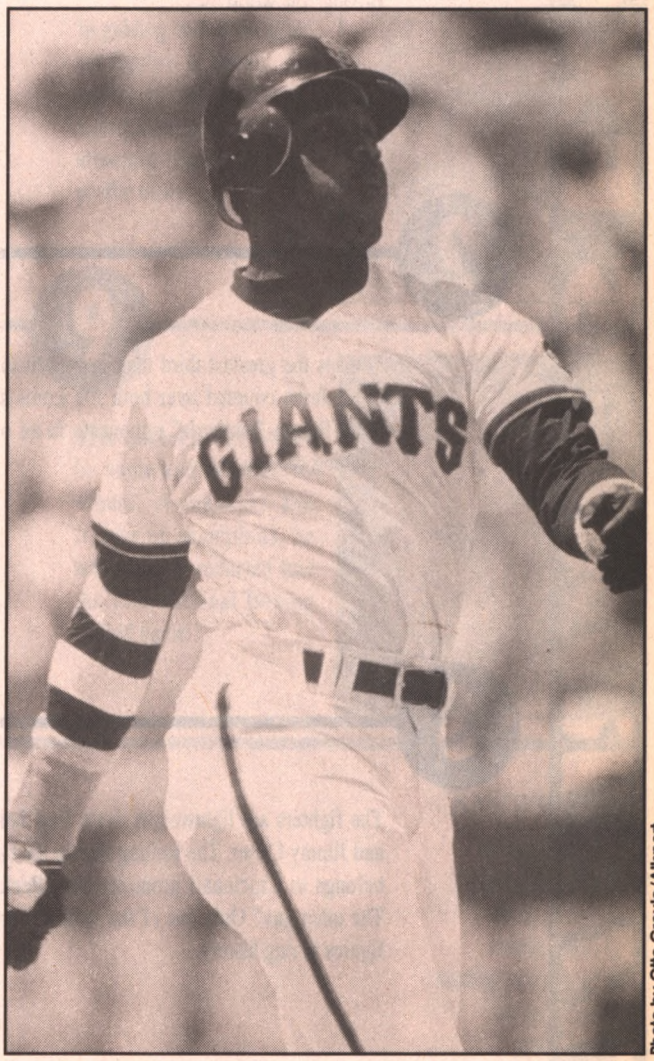


Photo by Otto Greule/Allsport

Barry Bonds may be the best player in the Major Leagues, but he's not about to win any popularity contests with baseball writers. In terms of media access, there's a huge difference between baseball players and boxers.

PHOTO QUIZ TEST

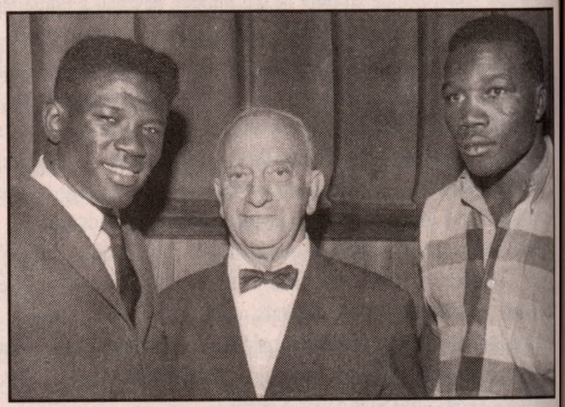
THE RING'S EXCLUSIVE

Can you identify the fighters in these photos? Award yourself 10 points for each question you answer correctly. If you score a total of 90-100 points, consider yourself a world champion. If you score 70-80 points, you rate as a top-10 contender. If you score 50-60 points, you're a clubfighter at best. Less than 50 points? Eat another piece of cheesecake and forget about that morning roadwork.

THIS MONTH: EVERYTHING BUT FIGHTERS

1

Our leadoff hitter, sandwiched by Emile Griffith and Benny Paret, was a New York-based journalist who was known as "Mr. Boxing" the world over.



2

Perhaps the greatest third man in ring history, this referee counted over both Joe Louis and "The Brown Bomber's" opponents in an outstanding career.

3

The fighters are lightweight rivals Bud Smith and Jimmy Carter. The smiling face in the back belongs to Cincinnati promoter Sam Becker. The other guy? Only one of the most powerful figures in ring history.

YOUR BOXING IQ

4

This Hall of Fame handler worked with world champions for six decades. A great trainer, he was also one of the game's true gentlemen.

5

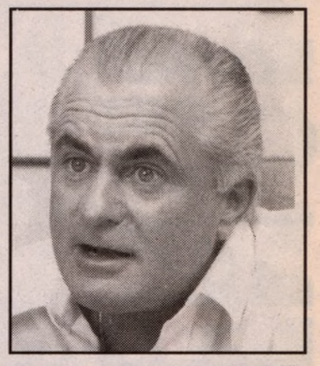
Long before there were Don King, Bob Arum, and Dan Duva, there was this promotional genius. In his day, he had no peer.

6

In the Winter 1994 edition of THE RING, we named this colorful character the greatest manager in boxing history.

7

In guiding one of the greatest fighters in history, this one-time divorce lawyer restructured boxing's purse structure. He keeps a low profile today.



8

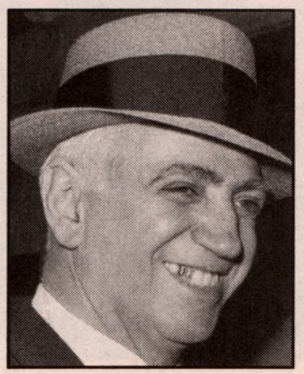
If Yankee Stadium is the House That Ruth Built, then the old Madison Square Garden was built by this larger-than-life figure, a former gold prospector who is credited for popularizing boxing.

9

This maverick was revered by some and despised by others. A manager and trainer of champions, he was recently inducted into the International Boxing Hall of Fame.

10

Nice smile. But we never would've had the nerve to criticize "Mr. Gray's" teeth to his face. In fact, given his reputation, we're glad we never had to deal with him at all.



ANSWERS:

1) Nat Fleischer
2) Arthur Donovan
3) Jim Norris
4) Ray Arcel
5) Mike Jacobs
6) Jack "Doc" Kearns
7) Mike Trainer
8) Tex Rickard
9) Cus D'Amato
10) Frankie Carbo

OFFBEAT ENGLISHMAN NASEEM HAMED

"My Plans Are Written By God ... I'm Written To Be A Legend"

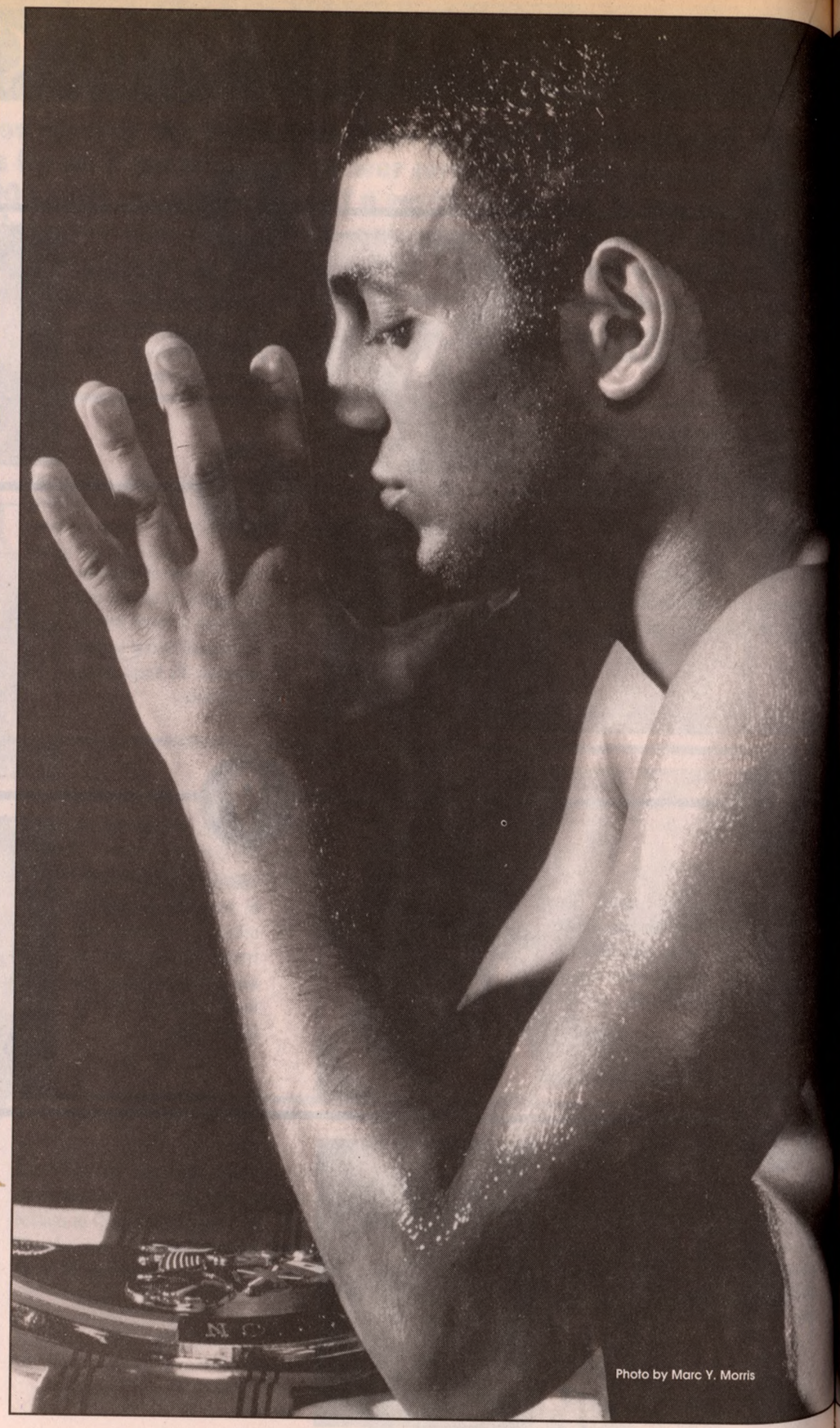


Photo by Marc Y. Morris

As Des Gargano learned, Hamed isn't always satisfied to defeat his opponents. Sometimes he humiliates them as well. After only 19 fights, the Prince has proved he is special, in and out of the ring.

Precocious is a word that could have been designed for junior featherweight Naseem Hamed. The colorful, often outrageous, southpaw from Sheffield, England, who is of Yemenite extraction, has perfected an extraordinary style of fighting. Undefeated after 19 contests, he is about to pass into championship territory, a breakthrough he is convinced he is prepared for. All the rage in Britain, Hamed has not only beaten, but stopped, such stand-up world-class opponents as Freddy Cruz, Juan Polo-Perez, Armando Castro, and Sergio Liendo.

Brian Doogan, THE RING'S *correspondent for Europe, spoke with the phenomenon known as The Prince.*

THE RING: You have achieved celebrity status in Britain, and very few question your ability to become the fighter you say you will. What have you got that will arouse the same reaction in America?

Naseem Hamed: I have a style of boxing that no other fighter in the world has. And I've got charisma, mouth, the gift of the gab—everything. It's an irresistible combination. At this time there is no one out there who can compete with me. I have to win three or four world titles at different weights to realize the heights in the game that I am destined to reach. And then even

(Continued on page 55)

"Hit Me With Your Best Shot"

THE 10 BEST CHINS IN BOXING

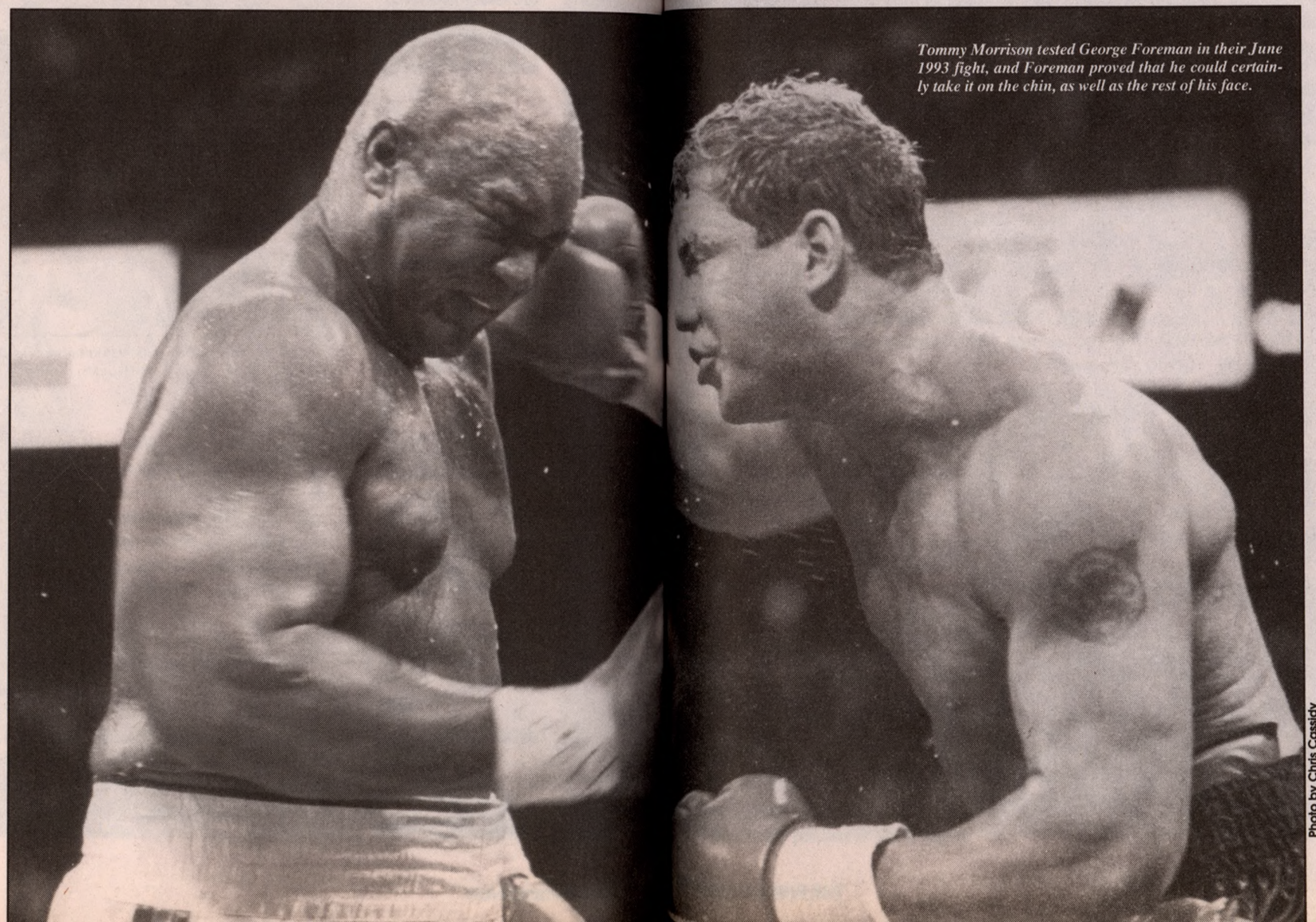
1. Merqui Sosa
2. Jorge Castro
3. Julio Cesar Chavez
4. Mike McCallum
5. Ray Mercer
6. Pancho Segura
7. Tom Johnson
8. Evander Holyfield
9. George Foreman
10. Melchor Cob Castro

By Steve Farhood

A good chin doesn't guarantee riches and success. In fact, the game's most dependable trialhorses, journeymen, and sparring partners have gained their status as a direct result of their ability to absorb punishment. But if a world-class contender wants to take a title and keep it, he better be able to take a punch, too.

It's not coincidental that many of the ring's legends possessed some of the strongest chins of their respective eras. Was there ever a better beard at heavyweight than Muhammad Ali's? "The Greatest" was never knocked out; he was officially floored four times in 61 bouts, by Sonny Banks, Henry Cooper, Joe Frazier, and Chuck Wepner. But he also survived the blasts of home run hitters like Sonny Liston, Cleveland Williams, Earnie Shavers, and George Foreman. Toward the end of his career, Ali's chin might have been too good for his own good. Unable to dance the rounds away, he relied on his rope-a-dope tactics and ate punches by the dozen.

Jake LaMotta's impenetrable chin, arguably the best of all-time, compensated for his lack of power. Sugar Ray Leonard had exceptional speed and skills—and a great chin to match. And Marvin Hagler's steel-like chin was a major part of his aura. Who, then, are today's human sponges, the world-class fighters who can't be, or won't be, knocked down or out? Here's THE RING*'s top 10, and a bottom 10, too, which proves that a strong heart can overcome a weak chin.*



Tommy Morrison tested George Foreman in their June 1993 fight, and Foreman proved that he could certainly take it on the chin, as well as the rest of his face.

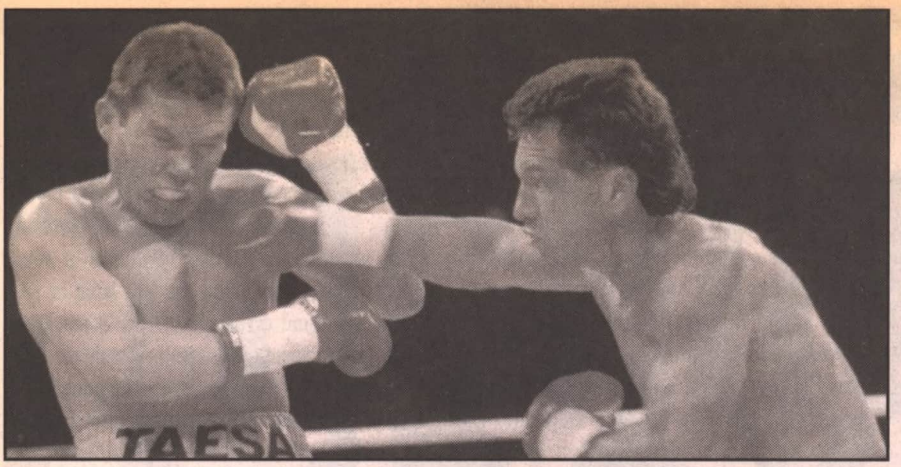
Photo by Chris Cassidy

1. Merqui Sosa: Some fighters establish a reputation for taking a punch only because of their defensive deficiencies. Sosa, on the other hand, seems to *welcome* punches. We won't go as far as to say he's a poor defensive fighter. Instead, we'll be polite and say he's extremely awkward. The lanky Dominican likes to drop his hands and lie against the ropes, and at times, his bouts look like target practice—for the other guy. In 31 fights, Sosa has never been down. He's sampled the punches of, among others, James Toney, Tony Thornton, and Prince Charles Williams, and his only stoppage, vs. Frank Liles, came on cuts. "He went 17 brutal, and I mean *brutal* rounds with Williams, who is one of the biggest punchers at light heavyweight, without going down," said Top Rank matchmaker Ron Katz. "And remember, he's fought more quality opponents than 90 percent of the other guys around." Added Arnie Rosenthal, who manages Sosa, "He's the toughest fighter I've ever been around."

2. Jorge Castro: Unlike Sosa, WBA middleweight champion Castro has been down twice, early in his career vs. an unnamed opponent in his native Argentina, and in his most recent effort, vs. Guyana's Anthony Andrews. But before you conclude that he doesn't belong on this list, consider that he's had 103 bouts. In 1991, he stood up through 12 rounds of abuse dealt by Terry Norris, and one year later, he lasted the 10-round distance vs. Roy Jones. Like Sosa, Castro seems to invite punishment, often lying against the ropes and sponging punches. In defending the title against John David Jackson, he was battered and bloodied before turning the bout with one punch. "There are a lot of comparisons with Victor Galindez," said THE RING correspondent Carlos Irusta, who covers boxing for the Argentine magazine *El Grafico*. "They're both strong, with similar bodies, and they both have big necks and tremendous chins. What makes Castro's chin even more special is that he's really a welterweight, or at best, a junior middleweight, and he's been taking the punches of middleweights."

3. Julio Cesar Chavez: Not only one of the 10-best chins among active fighters, but one of the greatest of all-time. Chavez' only knockdown came in his first fight against Frankie Randall, who shocked him with a straight right. Not bad for an ever-charging warrior who's answered the opening bell no less than 95 times. When you think about it, how often have you seen Chavez even *acknowledge* a punch? Roger Mayweather, who faced "J.C. Superstar" at both 130 and 140 pounds, still can't believe he was unable to drop the Mexican with his best right hand. Edwin Rosario, arguably the hardest-hitting lightweight of his era, couldn't as much as dent Chavez' chin, and neither could such feared punchers as Sammy Fuentes, Mario Martinez, and Jose Luis Ramirez. You'd figure that in 95 fights, *somebody* would have gotten lucky. But Chavez has a particularly thick skull, and luck has had nothing to do with it. "Chavez keeps his chin close to his chest, which strengthens the neck muscles," said Emanuel Steward, who briefly trained the Mexican. "But a lot of his chin is attitude. He's very proud and strong-minded. It's mental determination."

4. Mike McCallum: From junior middleweight, where he survived the bombs of Julian Jackson, to light heavyweight, the triple-crown titlist's only knockdown has come in his most recent start, a points loss to Fabrice Tiozzo. And keep in mind that was a technicality; after



Chavez samples the power of Tony Lopez

being hit, McCallum kept his balance by ... ing the canvas with his gloves. Given "... Bodysnatcher's" considerable boxing ... there's a tendency to assume he hasn't been ... that often. But he's engaged in his share of ... and in addition to Jackson, he's discour... such punchers as Milton McCrory and J... Toney. Too bad he never fought Thomas He... at 154 pounds. Like Hearns-Hagler, that w... have been a puncher-vs.-chin matchup for ... ages. But in McCallum's wars with Hear... the Kronk gym, Steward insists McCall... chin held up fine. "My first fight w... McCallum, I hit him with everything I ha... landed some bombs," said Toney. "He ...

THE WORST CHINS ON THE BEST FIGHTERS

How good does a fighter have to be to overcome a bad chin? Here are 10 world-class fighters who fall like dominoes, but almost alway... remember to get up.

1. Vincent Pettway: Instead of a who's-who, he's been kayoed by a who's-that of opponents, including George Leach, Javier Suazo, Victor Davis, and Agustin Caballero. The IBF junior middleweight champion twice got off the floor to stop Simon Brown.

2. Terry Norris: How did Sugar Ray Leonard fail to floor this guy? It was no disgrace getting flattened by Julian Jackson, but "Terrible Terry" was dropped by Troy Waters, and Simon Brown, who knocked him down with a *jab*. Worse yet, Norris was actually rocked by Luis Santana in their first bout.

3. Tommy Morrison: Go figure: "The Duke" lasted 12 rounds with George Foreman, but crashed twice against .500 clubfighter Ross Puritty. Morrison has also been downed by Ray Mercer (who can ever forget that kayo?), Razor Ruddock, and the light-hitting Michael Bentt. Win or lose, there's never a dull moment.

4. Kevin Kelley: A boxer turned warrior who has been dropped in five of his last eight fights, suffering knockdowns at the hands of Goyo Vargas, Jesse Benavides, Alejandro Gonzalez, Ricardo Rivera, and Tommy Parks. The southpaw makes the Most Macho list, but at what price?

5. Junior Jones: "Poison" never seemed to have a problem until his title-winning effort vs. Jorge Julio; he came back to score a dramatic kayo after being dropped and almost stopped. He's been vulnerable ever since, crashing hard in losses to John Michael Johnson and Daryl Pinckney.

6. Chiquita Gonzalez: Unlike the others on this list, Chiquita hasn't demonstrated the ability to recover from a knockdown. Ultimately, historians are likely to view this as an unforgivable flaw. He's been floored in title fight losses to Rolando Pascua, Michael Carbajal, and, most recently, Saman Sorjaturong.

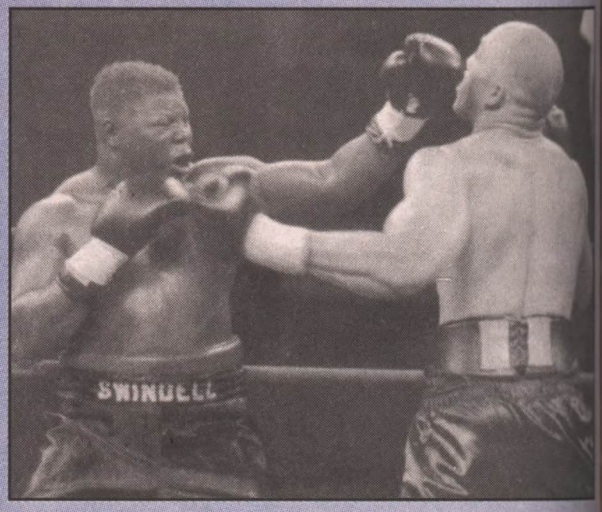
7. Felix Trinidad: It's tough to criticize the IBF welterweight champion, who's a perfect 26-0 (22). But he's shown a soft beard in off-the-floor wins over Alberto Cortes, Anthony Stephens, Yori Boy Campas, and Oba Carr. Clearly, the Puerto Rican can't perform until receiving a wake-up call.

8. Bruce Seldon: Admit it: When Seldon was staggered in the sec... ond round of his title fight vs. Tony Tucker, you thought he was an acci... dent waiting to happen. That's because of his big-fight history against the likes of Jose Ribalta, whom he stopped after rising from the canvas... Oliver McCall, and Riddick Bowe. Warning: A heavyweight champion without a dependable chin lasts about as long as a weak-rooted tree in a hurricane.

9. Jeremy Williams: The talented Californian has been floored by a handful of undistinguished opponents. He lost the biggest bout of his career, a decision to the featherfisted Larry Donald, because he never recovered from the effects of a big right hand early in the fight.

10. Rafael Ruelas: When Ruelas fought Oscar De La Hoya, you got the impression that if he had been knocked down 25 times, he would have gotten up 25 times. That disastrous fight aside, he's been downed by Mauro Gutierrez and Fred Pendleton, and was badly hurt by feather-fisted Jorge Paez.

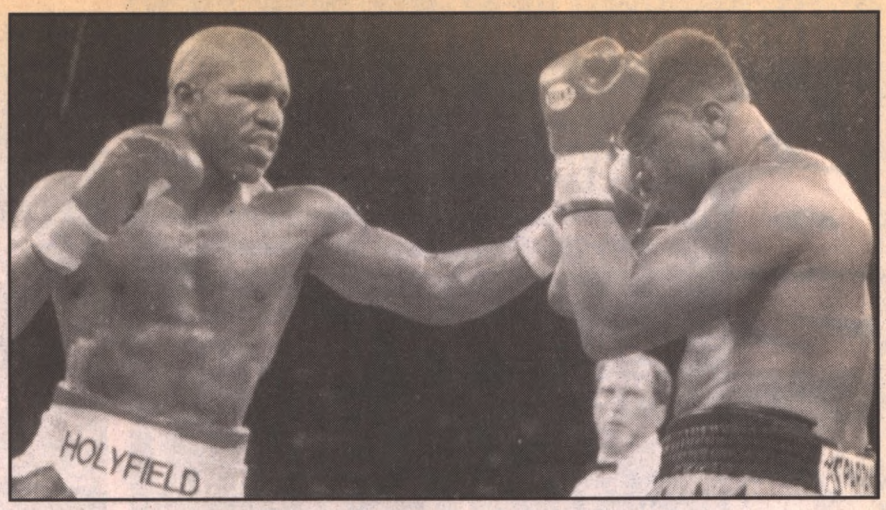
-M...



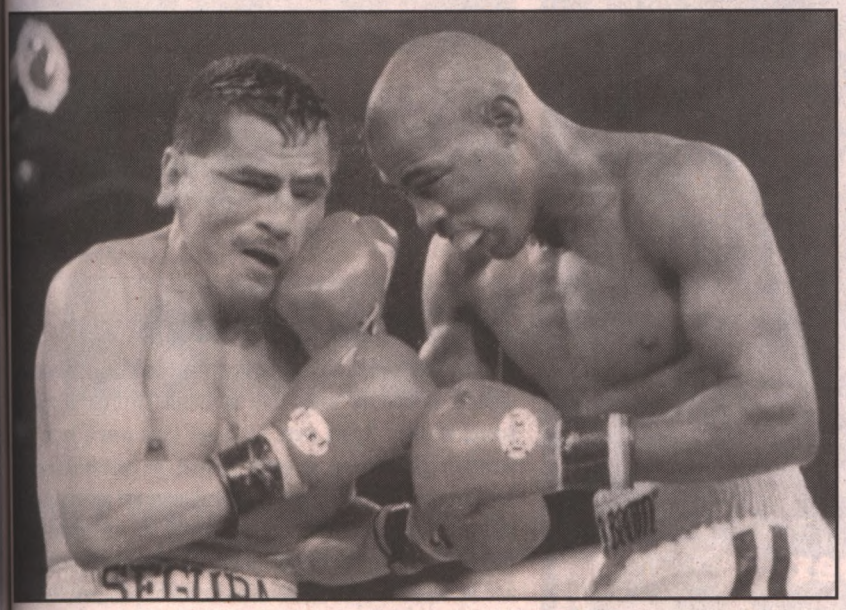
Frankie Swindell tests the chin of Jeremy Williams

everything. I swear his chin is made of granite. He's got the best chin of anybody I ever fought."

5. Ray Mercer: A heavyweight with a big punch and a chin to go with it doesn't need much else. How else to explain that the underachieving Mercer continues to contend? It was in "Merciless Ray's" breakthrough bout, a brutal 12-round verdict over Bert Cooper in 1990, that Mercer first flaunted his chin, which has long been considered the best in the division. Mercer has reinforced his reputation by soaking up the flush left hooks of, among others, Tommy Morrison and Jesse Ferguson. He suffered the first knockdown of his 27-bout career in May, when he slumped to the canvas while under the relentless attack of Evander Holyfield. "Like the old-timers say, he's harder to miss than hit," trainer Teddy Atlas said of Mercer. "And what makes it even more impressive is that he doesn't ride with the punch, he takes it clean. He's like a wall that's constantly getting banged at. But after enough banging, the wall starts to crack. There was a sign of that in the Holyfield fight. I don't think the chin is there anymore." Stay tuned.



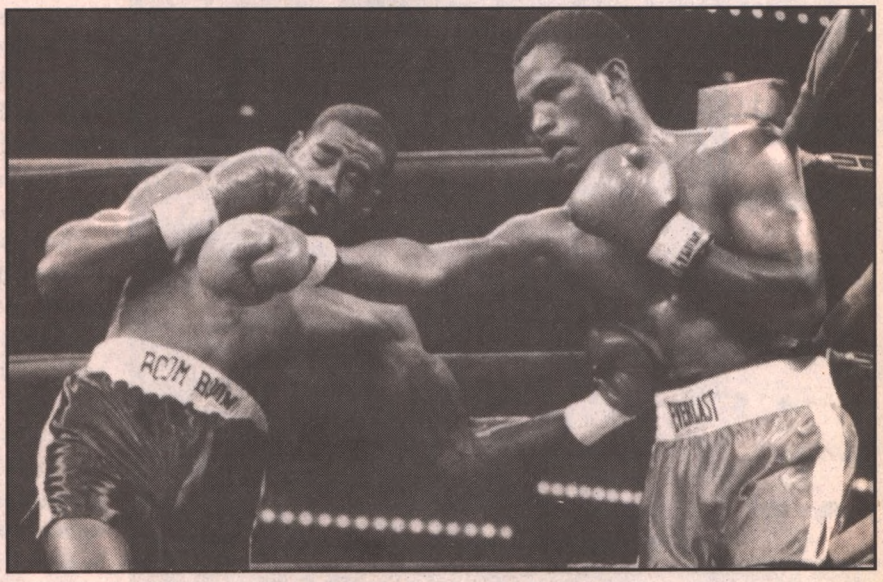
Holyfield-Mercer was an all-chin matchup


Segura took the best Tom Johnson could offer

6. Pancho Segura: With this fringe featherweight/junior lightweight contender, you always know what you're gonna get. Segura is far more tough than skilled. He carries a high guard, fights off the ropes, and absorbs lots of punishment before striking back in flurries. Moreover, he's fought as many punchers as almost anyone on this list. While he's been stopped three times, he's been down only once in 35 fights, vs. featherfisted Rowdy Welch (go figure) in 1990. In his most recent inside-the-distance losses, vs. John-John Molina and Robert Garcia, he was standing when the referee intervened. He's also stood up to, among others, such hitters as Tony Green, Louie Espinoza, and Benny Amparo, and in October 1994, he traded for 12 rounds with IBF featherweight champion Tom Johnson. "He walked right through Johnson's punches," said Russell Peltz, who has promoted Segura at the legendary Blue Horizon. "In that fight he reminded me of a featherweight Tex Cobb. And Tony Green's power had absolutely no effect on him. He's short, thick, and wide—all man."

7. Tom Johnson: Perhaps because the IBF featherweight champion is an all-around fighter

(Continued on page 59))

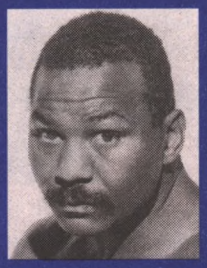

Johnson swallowed the shots of Kelvin Seabrooks

BATTLE of the LEGENDS

Welterweights

Fight fans will forever debate the merits of champions who never met in the ring. In "Battle of the Legends," the editors of THE RING play matchmaker and pit two of the all-time greats against each other. Three experts serve as judges. If there are particular dream matches that you'd like to see featured, write to us.

Jose Napoles



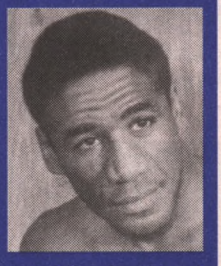
Oriente, Cuba
Career: 1958-1975
77-7 with 54 kayos

Though born in Cuba, Napoles became one of the most beloved fighters in the history of Mexico, where he relocated in 1962. His nickname was "Mantequilla" (butter), which perfectly described his ring style. A smooth technician, he fought effortlessly, and by the end of the decade, the best 147-pounders in the world were avoiding him.

At 5'7½", Napoles was stocky and strong. His best punch was his left hook, which became the division's most feared weapon. In April 1969, he took the world title from Curtis Cokes by 13th-round TKO. He reigned for all but six months of the next 6½ years (in December 1970, he was stopped on cuts by Billy Backus, whom he halted in the rematch) and gained recognition as the finest welterweight since Sugar Ray Robinson. Among his victims were Ernie Lopez, Mando Muniz, Hedgemon Lewis, and Emile Griffith.

In December 1975, Napoles, 35, retired following a title-losing sixth-round TKO loss to John Stracey. His place in history was already secure.

Luis Rodriguez

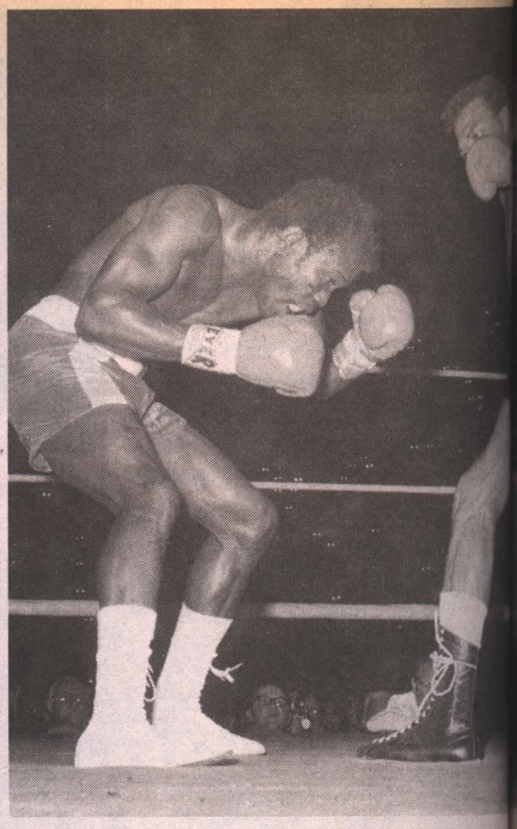


Camaguey, Cuba
Career: 1956-1972
107-13 with 49 kayos and 1 no-contest

It's misleading that Rodriguez, who followed countryman Benny Paret and preceded Napoles, reigned as world champion for less than three months. One of the finest fighters of the '60, he scored several victories over some of the best welterweights and middleweights of his era.

A quick and mobile stylist with a busy left hand, the 5'8" Rodriguez relocated to Miami in 1959. Before fighting for the title, he defeated, among others, Joe Miceli, Virgil Akins, Isaac Logart, Chico Vejar, Yama Bahama, Curtis Cokes, and Federico Thompson. In 1963, he captured the world 147-pound crown, outpointing Emile Griffith. It was the second of their four highly competitive battles, with Griffith winning three times.

After losing the title to Griffith, Rodriguez failed in three additional tries at world honors. He remained good enough, however, to beat the likes of Denny Moyer, Hurricane Carter, George Benton, Bennie Briscoe, and Vicente Rondon. He retired in 1972 at age 34.

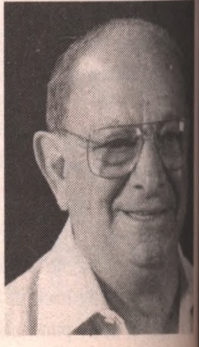


ANGELO DUNDEE

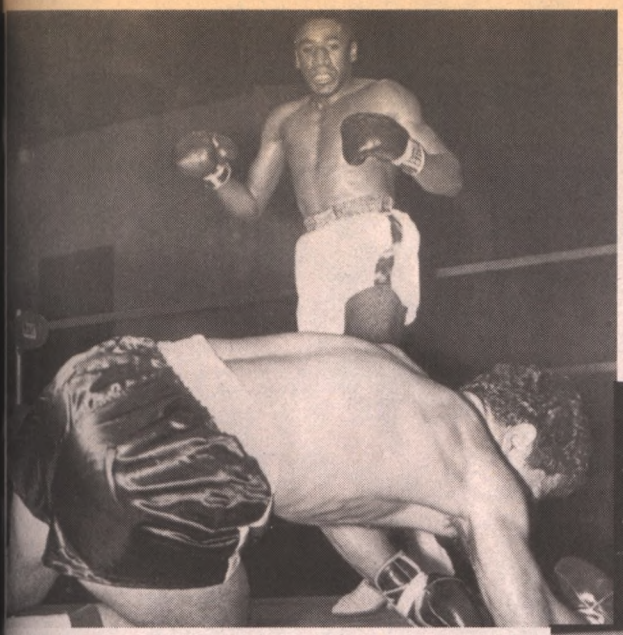
Rodriguez was a great fighter who had the misfortune of coming around the same time as Emile Griffith. If you keep score, all their fights were so close. Luis was a great, great welterweight. He was so great, he beat the best *middleweights* in the world. He had exceptional balance and reflexes, and he had very long arms—he could pick a nickel up off the canvas without bending his knees. Luis was always in great shape, and he was a busybody; he threw a lot of punches. Hurricane Carter got so frustrated fighting him, he picked him up and tried to throw him over the ropes.

Napoles was a steady artist, so smooth—his nickname gave his style away. He moved in and out effortlessly, and he was a pure banger, too. You couldn't make a mistake against him. But he wasn't a better puncher than Rodriguez. Remember, Luis kayoed middleweights. Napoles' problem was cuts. Early on, they weren't stitched properly, just butterflied, and that's a no-no.

Rodriguez would be on a pogo stick, surrounding Napoles, who wouldn't be able to counter him like he countered everybody else. Rodriguez on points, and possibly late-rounds stoppage.

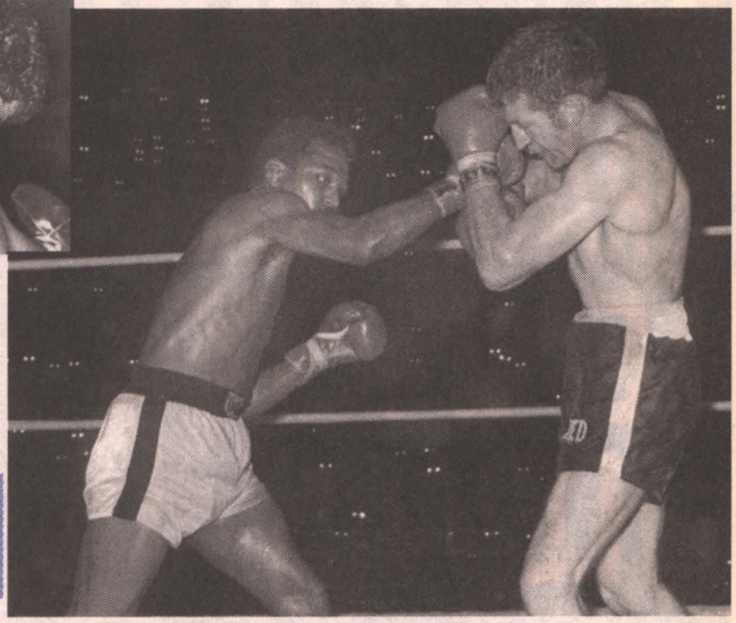


Hall of Fame trainer Angelo Dundee has a unique perspective on this matchup: At various points in their careers, he handled both Rodriguez and Napoles.



Before winning the world title, the exceptionally talented Rodriguez defeated an all-star lineup of welterweights. Among his victims was Argentina's Ricardo Falech, who crashed in the third round in 1962.

No one can question the quality of Napoles' opposition. In 1969, the smooth Cuban retained the world welterweight title by unanimously outpointing triple-crown champion Emile Griffith at the Fabulous Forum.



Napoles twice retained the title by rejecting the challenge of highly ranked contender Ernie "Indian Red" Lopez. In their first fight, which took place in 1970, Lopez was stopped in the 15th round.

EMILE GRIFFITH

Rodriguez moved a lot. He was always busy, and he threw a lot of combinations. He was more of a boxer than a puncher—hit and move. He drove me crazy! I guess we got to know each other a little bit. Each time was a war, and I had to make adjustments, always changing my style. Was he an all-time great fighter? I would say so.

Napoles was a great champion. I enjoyed fighting him. I fought him in my last world title fight at welterweight and I was very nervous. I knew how powerful and strong he was. But he didn't try and hit you with one punch. He was somewhat like me. He was always in condition, and when he hit you in the belly—oh, my God! His left hook was vicious. He was definitely an all-time great because he proved himself as a champion.

Rodriguez would have given Napoles a tough fight. He had a longer reach and was faster. He would use his jab a lot and keep moving. Napoles would try to get inside and use the hook to the body. He was the harder puncher. But Rodriguez would be slicker, like a cat. He'd hit and be gone. Rodriguez by unanimous 15-round decision.

Emile Griffith was a world champion at welterweight, junior middleweight, and middleweight. He won three of four fights vs. Rodriguez and lost a 15-round decision to Napoles.

HANK KAPLAN

Rodriguez was probably the most underrated fighter of the past half-century. He was a gifted guy, and he made winning look so easy. When he fought Hurricane Carter, he was a skinny welterweight in against a full-grown middleweight, and in two fights he was never in trouble.

Rodriguez had a beautiful left jab; it was so fluid. And he had this little defensive motion where he'd make you miss by inches. He fought everybody—remember, he was beating Nino Benvenuti when he got caught by a left hook—and was so unspectacular, that's why I think he's not remembered these days.

Napoles was a beautiful featherweight and lightweight who grew into a welterweight. He had great defensive moves, footwork, and speed. And he could punch smartly. He was very accurate with his left hook. He particularly distinguished himself as a world champion, following the lineup of Cuban welter champs that included Kid Gavilan, Benny Paret, and Rodriguez.

This would be a classic, a boxing match all the way. Rodriguez would box in his easy style, and Napoles would look to fight in flurries. They were both great fighters. Rodriguez on points.

Hank Kaplan is considered by many to be boxing's foremost historian.

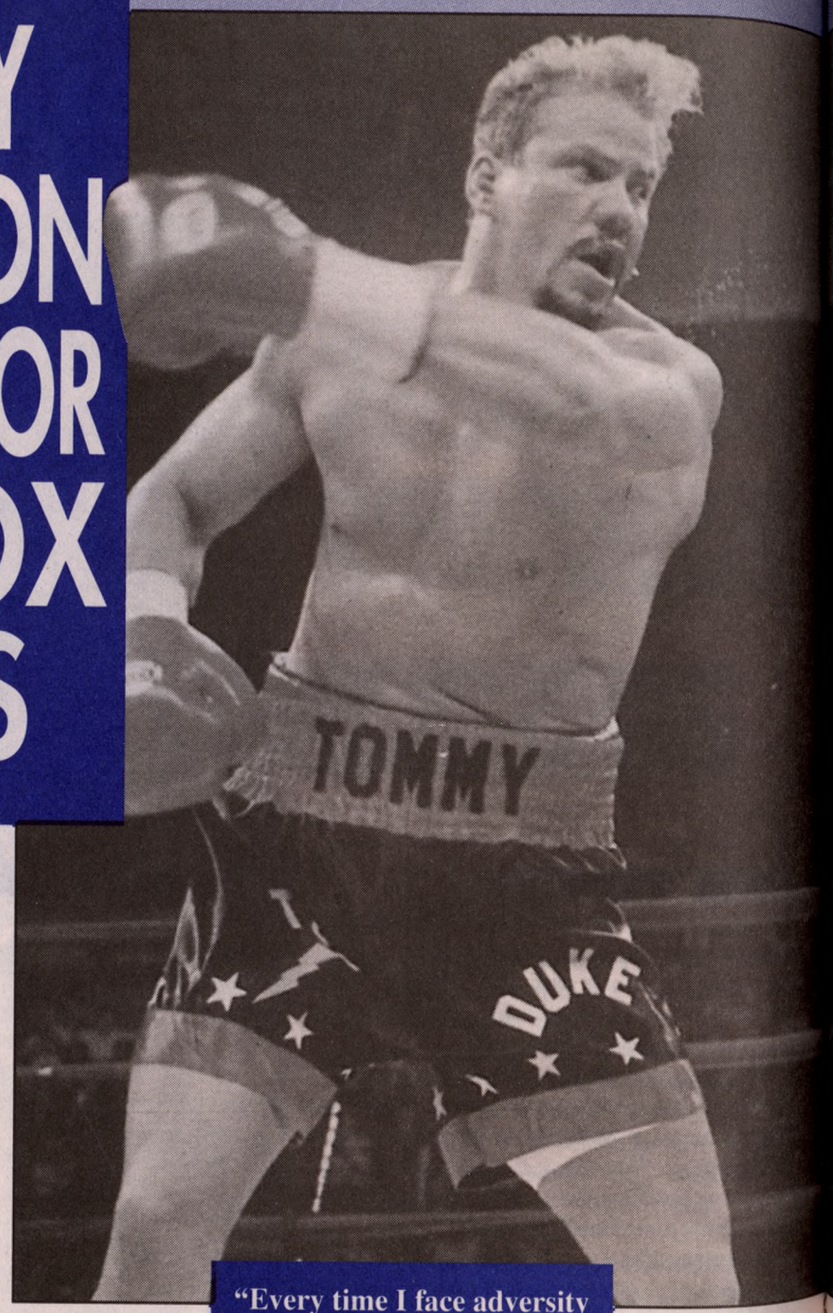
After Blowing Away Ruddock ...

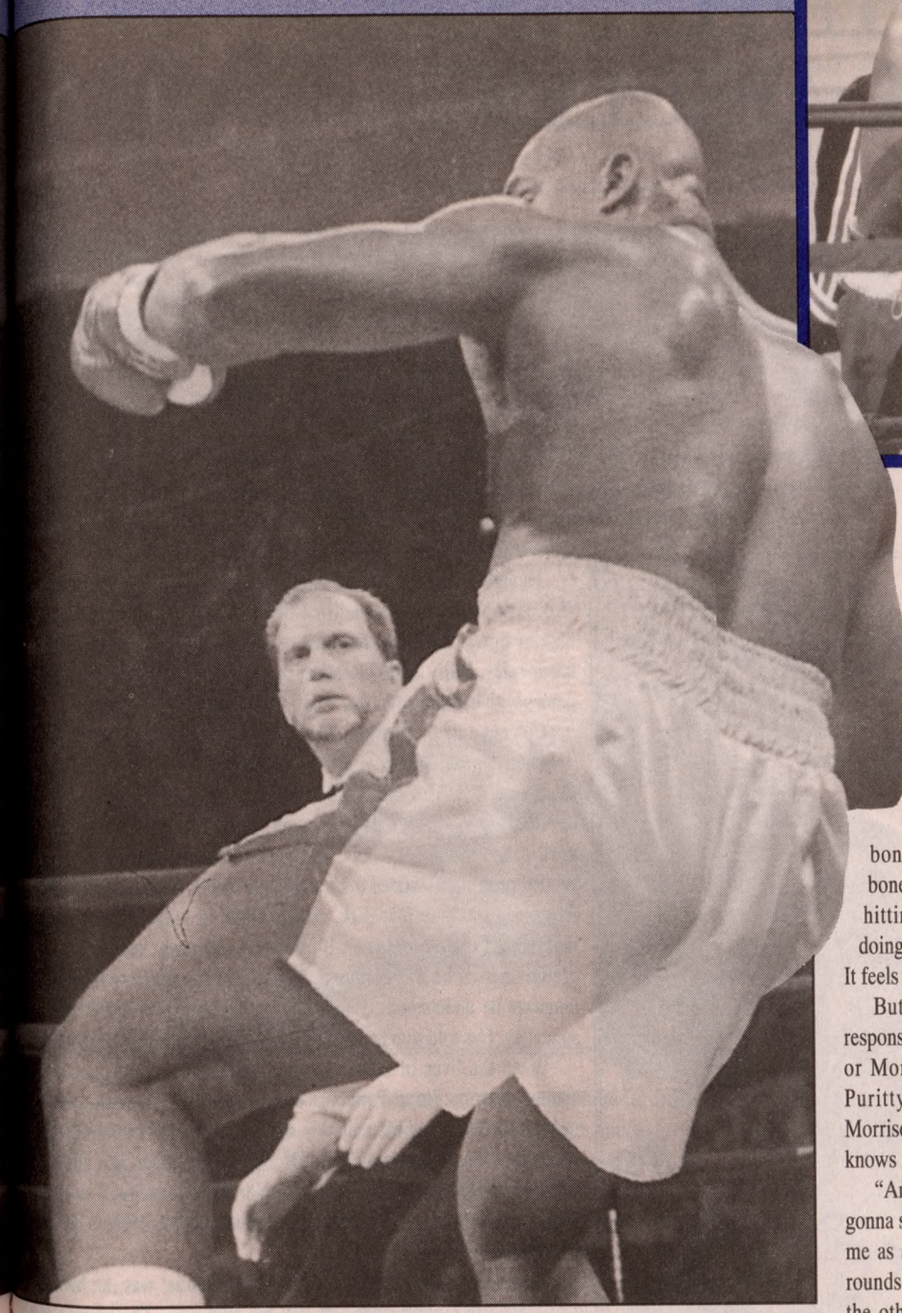
TOMMY MORRISON BRACES FOR LENNOX LEWIS

One Win Away From The Ultimate

By Nigel Collins

The old wisecrack was that you didn't have to take Tommy Morrison too seriously because he couldn't even beat Sylvester Stallone. But following Morrison's up-from-the-floor knockout of Razor Ruddock, nowhere near as many people are laughing. Instead of being the butt of the joke, "The Duke" is suddenly one of the sport's most sought-after commodities. He's already landed a $2.1-million showdown with Lennox Lewis on October 7 in Atlantic City. And even greater riches await if he can nail the former WBC champion with a left hook like the one that put Ruddock flat on his back.





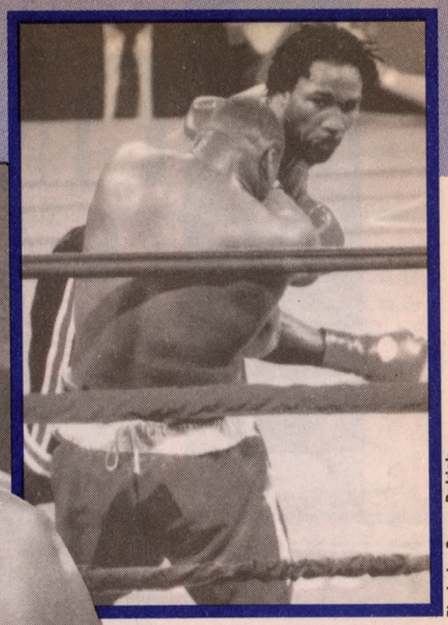


Photo by Bryan Patrick

Next up for "The Duke" will be former world champion Lennox Lewis, who demonstrated his considerable power by crushing Lionel Butler in May.

"Every time I face adversity and come back, it takes a little chip out of that psychological barrier."

The Ruddock fight also forced Morrison's critics to take another look at the most maligned heavyweight since Gerry Cooney. Maybe Morrison isn't such a mockery after all. Maybe there's more to the blond bomber than we thought after his disastrous performances against Ray Mercer and Michael Bentt. True, there are still a lot of unanswered questions, but after 48 professional fights, there are a number of things that can be said about Morrison, 45-2-1 (39), with a degree of certainty.

There was never any doubt that Morrison's hook was as hard as any punch in the division. Now his neglected right hand is ready to team up with the left, creating what could very well be the most devastating combination of weapons in boxing. Morrison has been hindered by a bum right shoulder for years, but always put off doing something about it. Shortly after the Ruddock fight, he took steps to correct the nagging problem.

"I had arthroscopic surgery done on my clavicle," Morrison said in late-July. "There were two pieces of bone that came together, and there was no padding between them. I'm sure it had something to do with the football and boxing I've done over the years. It was always inflamed and sore, and there was a lot of pain. That's why a lot of people regarded me as a one-armed fighter. I always had a good right hand, it was just so painful to throw, subconsciously, I chose not to throw it a lot.

"They lasered off a half-inch of bone so that bone wouldn't be touching bone. I haven't done any contact, as far as hitting the bag or sparring, but I've been doing some shadowboxing and weightlifting. It feels great, better than it ever has."

But let's face it, a sore shoulder wasn't responsible for his losses to Mercer and Bentt, or Morrison's draw with journeyman Ross Puritty, for that matter. The culprits were Morrison's chin and a leaky gas tank—and he knows it.

"Anybody who I fight—and I think this is gonna stick with me until the day I die—looks at me as an extremely dangerous fighter for three rounds," he said. "People always think that if the other guy hangs in there for three or four rounds, he's got me."

According to both trainer Tommy Virgets and Morrison, the slugger's well-known passion for partying is a thing of the past. But there remains a psychological barrier that pops up like a demon jack-in-the-box every time the bell sounds for the fifth round.

"I think the reason why it happens is

(Continued on page 61)

By Stanley Weston
Publisher, THE RING Magazine

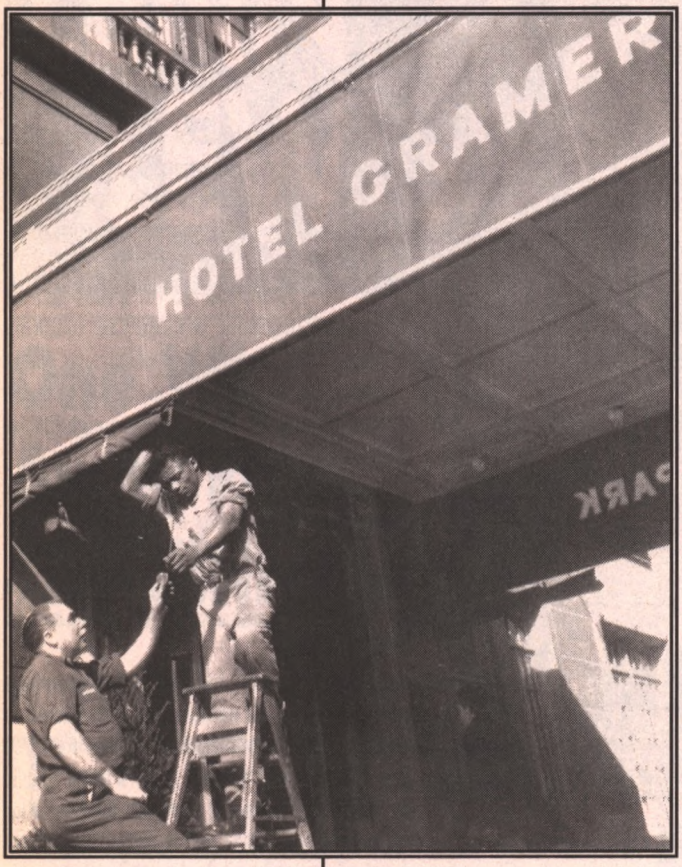
TIME CAPSULES

EARN YOUR KEEP

(June 7, 1953)

Cus D'Amato was a stern taskmaster who lived by a rigid code of rules—and demanded that everybody under his command do the same. He never understood compromise. It was his way or no way. No arguments.

There were God's commandments and there were Cus' commandments. And in the tyrannical world of Constantine D'Amato, God's didn't count.



Despite his huge potential, 17-year-old Floyd Patterson rated no special privileges under Cus D'Amato's rigid rules. To help pay for his keep, the future heavyweight champion did maintenance jobs at the Gramercy Park Hotel in New York City.

Though Cus was a master of the fine art of molding ghetto kids into champions, he believed that before you teach a street urchin how to throw a left jab, he must be taught, and live by, society's basic rules. Daily baths. Respect for elders. The satisfaction that comes with earning a fair day's pay for an honest day's work.

Cus ran a gymnasium on New York City's bustling 14th Street, between Union Square and Third Avenue. The loft called the Gramercy Gym can best be described as dark, dirty, dreary, and depressing. The three or four huge, ferocious police dogs Cus always had around for pets, and not protection (D'Amato never needed protection), added to the ominous mood. But everybody was welcomed to climb that dark, rickety flight of ancient wood steps that seemed to go on forever. If a kid was obviously hungry, he got grub money. If he was confused, he got fatherly advice in the street language he understood. If he wanted to be champion of the world some day, Cus told him he had come to the right place.

When the lives of master molder-of-champions D'Amato and champion-to-be Floyd Patterson crossed in 1952, it was a match made in heaven. Cus immediately saw vast potential in the skinny, sad-eyed, 17-year-old from Waco, North Carolina, who had already undergone some correcting at a New York State facility. Cus supplied room and board and began his unique molding process of the talent-loaded kid.

But no matter how impressive Floyd's potential was, he had to also learn life's basic rules and pay his own way. The youngster worked odd jobs, namely helping the maintenance crew at the Gramercy Park Hotel, which was located seven blocks from D'Amato's Gramercy Gym.

The rest is history, a glowing tribute to Patterson's skills and Cus' genius. Not only did Floyd go on to win the world heavyweight championship, and become the first fighter in history to regain that most prestigious crown, he is about to become Chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission. (State legislature approval is pending.) The lessons learned on 14th Street really paid off for Patterson ... and Cus.

IT WILL BE DEMPSEY AND TUNNEY AGAIN

(June 5, 1952)

From *The New York Daily Mirror*, May 7, 1952: "Some day, these two, the hottest fighters in the ring today, may actually meet. If they do, it will be Dempsey and Tunney over again."

Rocky Marciano and Harry "The Kid" Matthews did finally meet. But instead of being Dempsey-Tunney reincarnated, it was like a chapter from Joe Louis' Bum of the Month Club.

Their stats were mind-boggling and intriguing to fans and bookmakers. Marciano, 27, was unbeaten in 42 brawls. Matthews, 29, had lost a mere three of 107 wars. And Harry was riding a bristling, white-hot streak of 70 straight wins. The last time his hand hadn't been raised was back in 1943, nine years before. Both heavyweights packed right-hand power that could paralyze. Matthews was the far better boxer.

After signing for their upcoming bout, top heavyweight contenders Rocky Marciano and Harry "Kid" Matthews squared off as champion Jersey Joe Walcott, crown and all, looked on approvingly. The winner had been promised a title match with Jersey Joe.

But Rocky had a limitless reserve of that unique quality restricted to super-heroes like Dempsey and Louis. For want of a better description, it is called intensity. He'd rather die than lose. Although Rocky and Harry were cut from entirely different cloth, they had one thing in common: extraordinary managers. Marciano had Al Weill. Matthews had Jack Hurley. Both easily rate among the top five greatest managers in boxing history.

There was a threat of rain over New York's famous ballpark, Yankee Stadium, that sweltering summer night of July 28, 1952. So the semifinal was cut from six to five rounds and the main event rushed into the ring. The customary introductions of luminaries was scrapped to save precious pre-rain time. Not even heavyweight champion Jersey Joe Walcott, who had been promised to the winner, left his seat to take an in-ring salute.

Matthews, 179, fought with surprising deftness and confidence in the first round, scoring repeatedly with perfectly timed hooks and jabs to head and body. He displayed more than enough firepower to cut down the average foe. But Marciano was far from average. The tipoff came midway through the round, when Harry pumped three machine gun-like jabs into the Rock's face, then caught him lunging in flush on the chin with a perfect cross. Rocky didn't even blink. A Matthews counter right smashed into his opponent's washboard belly. Again, there was no apparent effect. In the closing seconds of that round, Marciano landed a hook to the side of the head that rocked Harry and sent him to his corner on wobbly legs.

With his 8½-pound weight advantage, Marciano, 187½, was in complete command from the start of round two until he dumped Harry flat on his back with a pair of crunching hooks to the jaw. Referee Ray Miller counted The Kid out at the 2:04 mark.

(Coincidentally, it was at the 2:04 mark, but in the first round, that Joe Louis had annihilated Max Schmeling, in that same ring, 14 years earlier.)

When Hurley was asked what had happened to his tiger, Jack snapped, in typical Hurleyese, "He went amateur on me." Two months after flattening Matthews, Marciano was comfortably seated on the heavyweight throne. It was a perfect fit.

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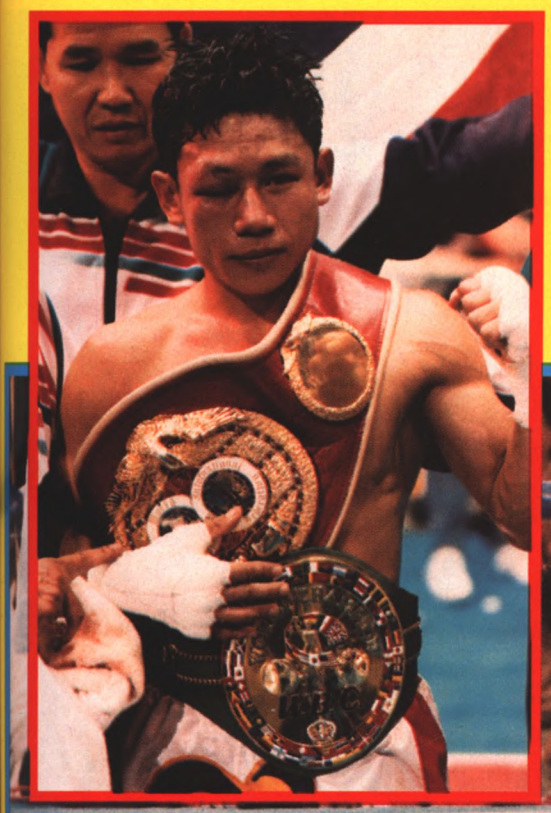


Photos by Brent Cook

It was a great fight with a shocking ending, as Saman Sorjaturong (left) twice rose from the canvas to knock out pound-for-pound entrant Chiquita Gonzalez (above).

HOW CHIQUITA GONZALEZ BLEW THE FIGHT OF THE YEAR

By **Ivan G. Goldman**

A knockout may seem like the ultimate answer, but more often than not, it serves to create further questions. Such as ... Is this the end of Chiquita Gonzalez? Or has he merely slipped on a banana peel?

Now that a barely known former kickboxing champion from Thailand named Saman Sorjaturong has taken Chiquita's measure, stopping him in one of the best fights of the year, was the little Mexican icon unworthy of his lofty pound-for-pound status?

Have we overrated Chiquita all along? After all, this, his third and latest defeat, was also the third time he has been knocked out.

Fifty-eight seconds into round seven, as the helpless junior flyweight champion stumbled around the ring like a marmoset shot by a tranquilizer dart, referee Lou Filippo (USA) stepped in and saved him from further punishment. An upset? Sorjaturong had been a 17-1 underdog in Las Vegas.

An upset? The only champion to hold titles from two major alphabet organizations (the IBF and WBC) lost to a fighter who'd been kayoed the only other time he had fought outside of Thailand. An upset? In Bangkok, the major betting action had centered on which round Chiquita would score his knockout.

At the end of six rounds, Sorjaturong was behind on all three cards. One eye was cut, the other swollen shut, and his fight plan, whatever it may have been, was being savaged by a relentlessly charging Chiquita. Ringside physician Adam Karns warned the Thai at the end of the round that he was preparing to stop the contest if Sorjaturong didn't turn things around.

Which is exactly what he did. Charging out at the start of the seventh, Sorjaturong, 107½, Kampangsean, Thailand, caught the swarming Chiquita, 107½, Ciudad Neza, Mexico, with two big right hands. The champion went down hard. He rose to beat the count, but was on rubber legs. Blood streamed from a now-widened gash between his left eye and the bridge of his nose. Moments later, when Filippo stepped in, neither Gonzalez, 42-3 (29), nor his handlers argued the stoppage.

Sorjaturong, 26, may have been the most surprised person at the Great Western Forum. The next day, he went to Disneyland. Honest.

"Chiquita was my hero," said the newly crowned junior flyweight champion, who improved to 26-2-1 (21). "I studied how he fought, and now this dream comes true."

Photos by Nasser Khan/"The Fightmaster"

For six rounds, the junior flyweights took turns pounding each other. Switch-hitter Gonzalez, who fought southpaw throughout, hammered the challenger with left hands (right), and Sorjaturong responded by wobbling the Mexican with power shots (bottom).

"[Chiquita] knows he doesn't have the best chin in the world. He told me, 'You know what my problem is? I have blood in my veins. I don't have ice cream in my veins.'"

What little fighter wouldn't study Chiquita? He was the 108-pounder whose style, talent, and thundering fists brought honor and respect to little guys everywhere. For some time now, Chiquita has been a crossover attraction, like a country or R&B entertainer who makes it mainstream.

Of course, he has always been watched and appreciated by knowledgeable fans who know a good performer when they see one. But he also got the attention of the kind of fans who normally watch only the big guys. Chiquita has always been a fighter and a showman. He never used circus antics, like countryman Jorge Paez. The show was in his fists.

But while entertainment for the dollar is important, the fact remains that Chiquita was dismantled by a right hand everyone told him to stay away from.

"I don't think this hurts Chiquita's reputation one inch," contended his adviser and dealmaker, Rafael Mendoza. "His reputation is not better, but it's the same, because he's an all-around action fighter."

Lots of fighters claim to be boxer-punchers, guys who can do it all. But Chiquita really can—when he wants to. As he showed with decisions over Michael Carbajal in their second and third contests, Chiquita knows how to get on his toes and befuddle an opponent with footwork and cunning.

Trouble is, knowing how isn't enough. The key is executing the right strategy at the right time.

Gonzalez gained control as soon as he began to unleash a wicked body attack. He dropped Sorjaturong in the fifth and sixth rounds and seemed on the verge of a stoppage victory when the Thai struck with two big right hands.

"He lost his temper and he went down. Even then, he didn't try to clinch to survive. He has too much pride, too much hot blood."

Photo by Brent Cook

And too often Chiquita has waded in with home run swings—damn the defense—when reason dictated he should just work to get on base.

"Chiquita is just a macho guy," explained John Beyrooty, the publicist for Forum Boxing. "He gets caught up in the emotion and comes out to kill or be killed."

Beyrooty was brutally honest in his assessment of Chiquita's post-Sorjaturong standing. "His status goes way down, pound-for-pound," he said. "Any guy gets ranked down if he loses. Once you lose, you're going south. It doesn't matter that Chiquita was ahead [on points]."

Said the new champion's trainer, England's Charles Atkinson, "Chiquita was always there to be hit, and we had just the fighter to hit him."

The stone-faced Chiquita, no matter what posterity might pronounce, was a standup hombre after the fight, congratulating the winner and making no excuses except one. "I got mad," he explained.

He freely admitted that his corner, run by the wizardly Nacho Beristain, had told him after the sixth round that the fight was his. He merely had to box a round or two and it would be stopped. His opponent had been down twice and could barely see. Don't take chances, Beristain told him.

"Chiquita fought stupid," Beyrooty said. "You don't throw fastballs at a fastball hitter. Everyone familiar with Sorjaturong knew he was a powerful right-handed puncher who preferred guys who came right at him. You could read that in the [fight] program. I don't think I've ever seen a harder puncher at 108. And what does Chiquita do? Come right at him."

Chiquita has been there to be hit only when he's elected to take chances—and that's most of the time. Which is also why he is a crowd-pleaser who earns the kinds of purses once thought beyond the dreams of junior flyweights.

"He made a mistake and he paid for it," said Mendoza. "But he made the mistake because he wants to give people their money's worth. If you pay $200 for a ticket, he wants you to see $1,000 worth of action. Chiquita is the antithesis to dull heavyweights.

"When people go to see Chiquita, they know they will see an exciting fighter. This was the most exciting fight [on the card.]"

Indeed, the Gonzalez-Sorjaturong slugfest was a tremendous championship battle, making yet another Chiquita bout a candidate for Fight of the Year. It saved the pay-per-view card from ho-hum disaster. "Chiquita turned what could have been an abysmal show into a tremendous show," agreed Beyrooty.

Earlier on the card, flyweight Mark "Too Sharp" Johnson, 25-1 (18), TKO'd an outclassed Josue Camacho, 15-4 (6), in the eighth, middleweight Lonnie Bradley, 22-0 (18), exposed Argentina's Dario Galindez (the son of

(Continued on page 54)

MIKE TYSON

Well-Rested But Still Untested

By Steve Farhood

The morning after Mike Tyson returned to the ring with a first-round disqualification victory over celebrity *du jour* Peter McNeeley, it rained in Las Vegas, where the sun is usually as unrelenting as Don King working a roomful of quote-starved media. In the press room, where only hours before, writers, reporters, and radio hosts from Jacksonville to Jakarta had analyzed, reanalyzed, and overanalyzed a 129-second fight until it lost all shape and meaning, chairs were being dutifully piled, tables folded, and phones unplugged. (In Las Vegas, Elvis may be the ultimate nostalgia, but what happened yesterday is forgotten faster than it takes a blackjack dealer to scoop your money.) Over breakfast, the fans, high-rollers, and curiosity-seekers who had filled the MGM Grand Garden Arena were debating whether McNeeley's manager-trainer, Vinny Vecchione, who had climbed through the ropes and surrendered after a second knockdown, had prevented a potential tragedy or ripped off the public. And somewhere off The Strip, far removed from the buzz and the tumult, Tyson lay his head on a pillow and slept like a child who had been kept up too late.

Which, all added up, leads us to conclude that, like the ultimate David Copperfield illusion, the more we see, the less we know.

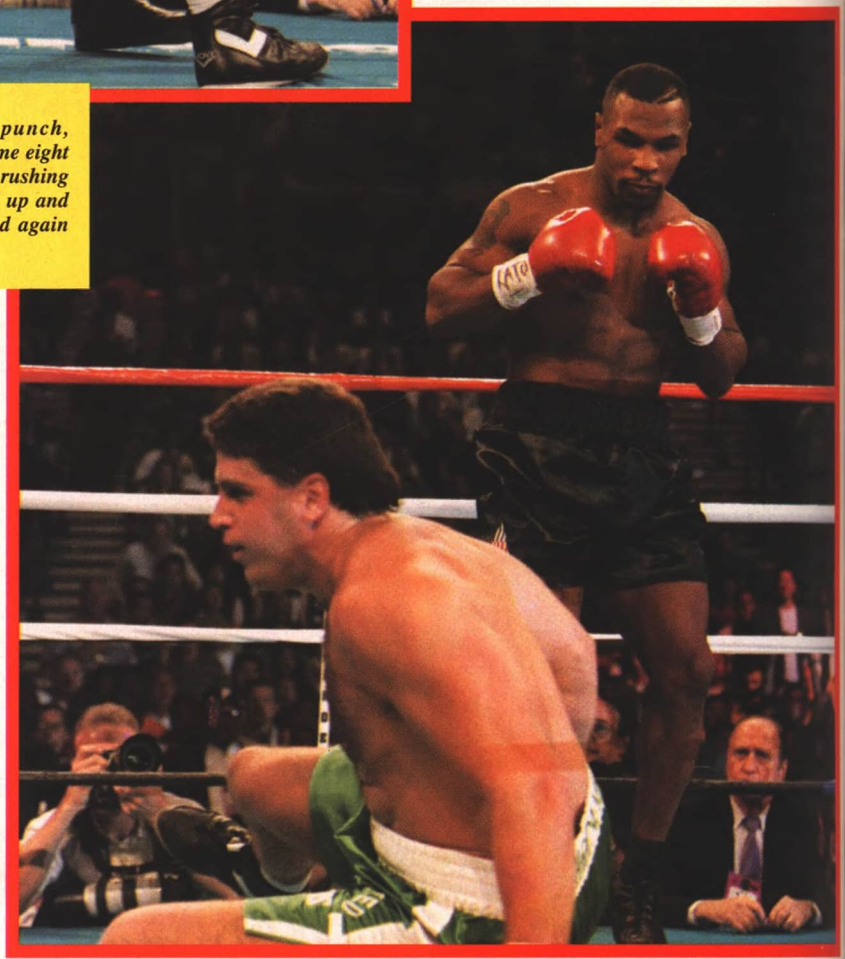
King didn't know—or wouldn't say—who Tyson would fight next, whether it would be Buster Mathis Jr. or "one of the others we've talked about." Pay-per-view executives didn't know whether Tyson's second comeback fight, scheduled for November 4, would be aired on SET pay-per-view, and directly opposite TVKO's presentation of Riddick Bowe-Evander Holyfield III, whether Tyson vs. whomever would be moved to Showtime, or whether there would be a change of date. Rocco DePersia didn't know whether his fighter, WBA heavyweight champion Bruce Seldon, who had stopped Joe Hipp on the Tyson-McNeeley undercard, would next be defending against Tyson, Tony Tucker, Tiny Tim, or Tommy Tune. Those who were supposed to analyze the first step of The Second Coming didn't know whether Tyson-McNeeley had revealed anything—and weren't sure whether to admit it. Tyson shed virtually no light on the subject by limiting postfight comments to "I was just happy to be in there," and "I'm just enjoying myself now and taking it fight by fight." And at least one bleary-eyed boxing magazine editor, having dug himself a trench in an MGM Grand craps pit, shared the view

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

The eyes of the sporting world were on the MGM Grand for Tyson's return to the ring. Unfortunately, his fight with Peter McNeeley was over practically before it started, and fans learned little other than the fact that Iron Mike still punches with bad intentions.

Photo by Holly Stein/Allsport

Photos by Holly Stein/Allsport



Every time Tyson connected with a solid punch, McNeeley hit the floor. The first knockdown came eight seconds into the fight when Tyson caught his onrushing adversary with a right cross. McNeeley jumped up and charged back into the fray, only to be dropped again when caught flush with a right uppercut.

Tyson had afforded himself of his opponent, looking down at McNeeley, whose face was adorning some of the casino's black and pink $100 chips.

The more we see, the less we know, but on the night of August 19, everyone agreed that we all want to see more. Ever notice that you never realize how hungry you were until you shovel in your first forkful? Like *nouveau* cuisine, Tyson-McNeeley was all presentation and no satisfaction, a sliver of an appetizer on an oversized plate. Remember that sumptuous slab of beef you downed four years ago? A tiny portion of steak tartar only makes you want it more. And Don King and his PPV partners at SET know that a starving fight fan is quick to part with his money.

It can be argued that Team Tyson's strategy of hiding the former champion and then re-introducing him in a fight that inspired an over-under betting line of two rounds was intelligent marketing. But how many events, as opposed to fights, will the public buy? Fringe contender Mathis is a far more credible heavyweight than McNeeley, but with styles making fights, he'll figure to last only two or three rounds with "Iron Mike." In fact, it's possible for Tyson to reunify the title without expending himself. Remember, we're talking about a world that claims Seldon, the winner of Oliver McCall-Frank Bruno, and the winner of December's Frans Botha-Axel Schulz fight as its champions. Tyson vs. Bowe? Holyfield? Tommy Morrison? Lennox Lewis or Michael Moorer? Wait 'til next year. Or maybe the year after that. PPV sales are likely to determine the timetable.

***

A couple of months before Tyson-McNeeley, Vecchione told a Showtime staffer he wouldn't allow the fight to "turn into another Mercer-Morrison." He knew that the day he signed for the fight—and a purse of $540,000—McNeeley was already a winner. The media attention was a bonus, and the fight a mere formality. Facing a Nolan Ryan fastball, his kid, who was making the jump from A-ball, was going to close his eyes and swing from the heels. This was a cleanup hitter who had already cleaned up, and if he hit a million-to-one home run, the rest of his life would be an extended curtain call. As for reality, one day before the fight, THE RING asked Vecchione for a prediction. You'd think he would have picked his

ighter to win, if only as a reflex reaction. But
he'd offer was that McNeeley would answer
e opening bell with fists windmilling. "I don't
nk it'll go more than three rounds," he said.
e hook was already out of his bag, as if he
sed it would be a far more valuable corner-
n's tool than an Enswell, a box of Q-tips, or a
of Vaseline.

As fight time approached, referee Mills Lane
SA) emerged from the dressing room area
d announced, "The other guy [McNeeley] was
rial, but Tyson had his business face on."
ith a sellout crowd of 16,736 refusing to allow
e forgettable Seldon-Hipp semifinal to damper
s enthusiasm, zero hour finally arrived.
cNeeley burst out and charged the ring like a
llback handed the ball on fourth-and-two.
yson quickly followed, smoke and laser lights
ceding his entrance. There were superstars on
p of superstars—75 celebrities in all—in the
,500 seats at the Grand Garden Arena, from
m Carrey and Denzel Washington to Jerry
infeld and Tim Allen. None of them, howev-
, will ever experience the energy Tyson both
nerated and absorbed in that spine-tingling
oment.

As far as theater goes, it was every bit as
ecial as we had anticipated, the gladiator
urning to the arena, an arguably and even
re compelling figure than the Tyson who had
tablished himself as baddest man on the plan-
. It would have been nice if a fight had fol-
wed, but if you paid $40 and went to bed mut-
ring about a ripoff, well, you'd been warned.

During Tyson's ring entrance and Jimmy
ennon Jr.'s introduction, McNeeley stood in
s corner, pinned by his handlers, and facing
e crowd. Given the aura of the opposition, you
ight think Vecchione was attempting to mini-
ize the intimidation factor. In this case, how-
er, he was probably making sure his fighter
dn't hurl himself across the ring and bite
yson in a WWF-like sneak-attack. Inter-
stingly, during Lane's final instructions, Tyson
ared McNeeley down. (In most of his prior
uts, Iron Mike, no Sonny Liston he, had
ooked down at the canvas.) But it was far too
te for "The Hurricane" to withdraw. He
turned to his corner and stood poised, like a
lay sprinter awaiting the baton, then, at the
und of the bell, raced toward Tyson.

"I'm not surprised by anything," said Tyson.
He came out punching."

Eight seconds in, McNeeley, 224, Medfield,
Massachusetts, was downed by a right. He
ounced up and moved toward Tyson, 220,
Southington, Ohio, until restrained by Lane,
who issued a mandatory count. "The first knockdown was a little bit flash," said McNeeley. "I was okay." McNeeley, 26, then again rushed Tyson, this time locking the 20-1 favorite in a minute-long infighting exchange. Most of McNeeley's haymakers missed, but he did land a right hand or two and blatantly butted Tyson, 29, in the face. "I was in a fight already," Tyson said of the foul. "It made no sense to get mad." At one point, Tyson, never as comfortable in chest-to-chest combat as most would think, initiated a clinch. That, we suppose, was a moral victory for McNeeley, which was the only type of victory he was capable of securing.

There are those who insist Tyson's balance was poor and his punches wide. There are others who say his defense was porous. Then there's Tyson trainer Jay Bright, who said, "Mike did a lot of nice things in there." The truth is that in terms of technique, there were absolutely no conclusions to be drawn. Tyson, 42-1 (36), is used to establishing the terms of war. In this fight, he was attacked, and he reacted in a predictable manner. That aside, his hand speed, diverse combinations, and straighter punching resulted in an anticipated conclusion.

On two occasions, Tyson's uppercuts almost felled McNeeley, 36-2 (30). Finally, another right uppercut sent the Irishman sprawling. In rushing to rise, he made contact with Lane, and stumbled into the ropes near his own corner. At that point, Vecchione darted into the ring,

When 20-1 underdog McNeeley launched an all-out assault, Tyson quickly turned things around with a furious counterattack. It was a frenzied affair for a short while, but it wasn't long before McNeeley was ducking for cover.

Photo by Stephen Dunn/Allsport

McNeeley and manager/trainer Vinny Vecchione try to explain what happened. A lot of people felt that Vecchione robbed the paying customers of the opportunity to see a conclusive finish when he jumped into the ring after the second knockdown, causing his fighter to be disqualified.

prompting an automatic disqualification.

The judges, who were paid about $2,400 a piece for putting on their suits, were Duane Ford, Bill Graham, and Chuck Giampa, all from the USA.

"I made a judgment, and I have to live with that judgment," Vecchione explained. "I felt I did the right thing for my fighter."

Others weren't so sure. "[McNeeley] was fighting as hard as he could," said Lane. "I don't understand why his corner came in the ring right then. He could've gone on."

Said Tyson, "I was surprised his corner came in to stop the fight when they did." Marc Ratner, the executive director of the Nevada State Athletic Commission, withheld the manager's share of McNeeley's purse ($179,820) pending a hearing. "I will have to talk to all those involved to see why the corner stepped in there," he said. "The fight was going along okay, with two knockdowns. The fighter wanted to continue."

For his part, McNeeley supported Vecchione. "The people from the outside looking in know better," he said. "They love me and I love them. I'm comin' back. I'm comin' back."

The fans booed lustily, but only until McNeeley changed their focus by slapping high-fives and pumping his fists into the air like a winner. Had Vecchione not intervened, of course, McNeeley would have crashed for a third time before the end of the round. (The three-knockdown rule was in effect.) As far as stoppage controversies go, this wasn't exactly Chavez-Taylor I or Tyson-Ruddock I. Could McNeeley have continued? Sure. Should he have been allowed to continue? Probably—but certainly not from Vecchione's perspective. Had the fight continued, would it have made a difference? *Yeah, sure. McNeeley would've knocked out Tyson with the next punch he threw.*

***

The more we see, the less we know. Some people saw Tyson-McNeeley, pointed to the mismatch and Vecchione's intervention, and screamed about another black eye for boxing. Others cited the interest generated by the fight, *ahem,* event and the preliminary reports on PPV sales, and declared that boxing was finally in the black. We're not screaming or citing or drawing any sweeping conclusions. But we are celebrating the return of the most important fighter in the world, even if we may have to wait a while to see him in a bout befitting his skills and stature.

Sorry, Riddick, Evander, Oscar, Roy, Pernell, Big George, and J.C. Superstar, but boxing's a lot more fun with Mike Tyson around. And in that regard, the more we see him, the more we know it. ■

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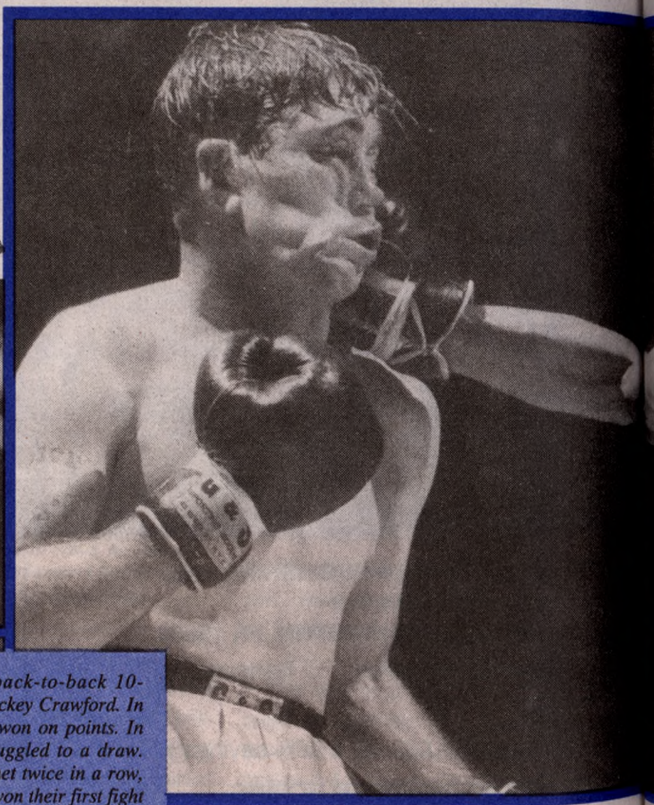
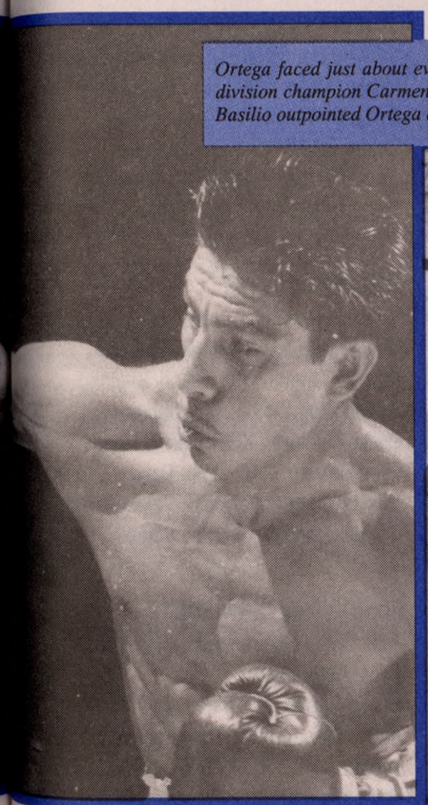
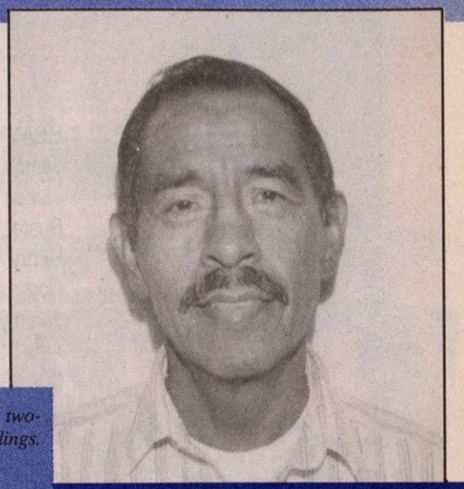
"Sometimes I Didn't Know Where I Was When I Woke Up In The Morning"

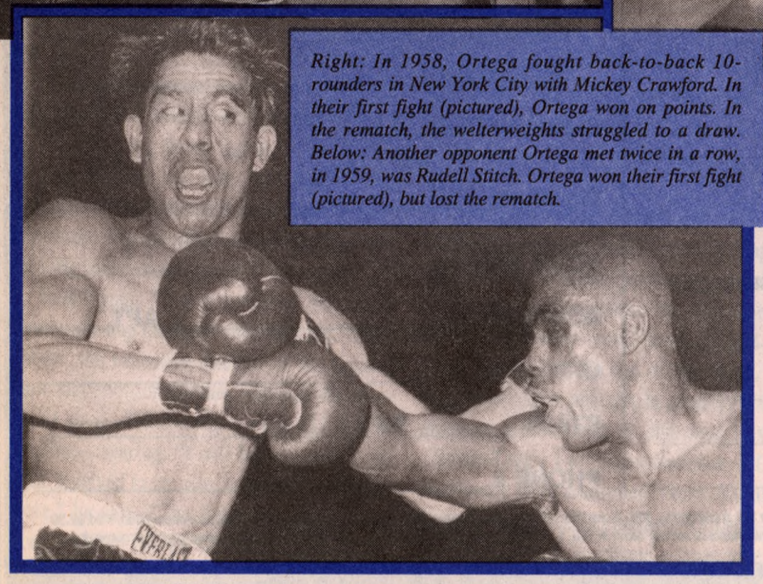
–GASPAR ORTEGA





Ortega faced just about every name fighter from his era, including two-division champion Carmen Basilio, who seems bored by the proceedings. Basilio outpointed Ortega at Madison Square Garden in 1961.





Right: In 1958, Ortega fought back-to-back 10-rounders in New York City with Mickey Crawford. In their first fight (pictured), Ortega won on points. In the rematch, the welterweights struggled to a draw. Below: Another opponent Ortega met twice in a row, in 1959, was Rudell Stitch. Ortega won their first fight (pictured), but lost the rematch.

By Pete Ehrmann

Gaspar Ortega's boxing career covered more than a whole page in *The Ring Record Book And Encyclopedia*, and more than a whole continent in the *Rand McNally Atlas*.

The late-'50s, early-'60s welterweight contender, who fought nine world champions but lost his only title shot to Emile Griffith, was one of the most traveled boxers in the last half-century, a fistic descendant of the great globetrotting warriors like Young Stribling, who criss-crossed the terrain like a whistle-stopping political candidate, packing more ring action into a single year than some modern boxers do in a whole career.

In 15 years as a prize fighter, Ortega logged more than 200 battles. In one month—May 1963—he fought 11 main events. He was, wrote New York *Daily News'* Gene Ward in 1961, "... The most available fighter in the boxing business, and a throwback to the old rugged days when men were men and a fighter fought anybody anywhere."

"Sometimes I didn't know where I was when I woke up in the morning," says the 60-year-old Mexican native who has awakened every morning in East Haven, Connecticut, of all places, since his retirement from boxing 30 years ago. The story of how he ended up there is as unique as the boxing career of the man who was called "Indio" because of his Zapoteca Indian heritage.

Like many poor Mexican youths, young Gaspar Benitez, who was born in Mexicali and grew up in Tijuana, dreamed of becoming a bullfighter like the most famous and revered athletes in his country. But his mother,

(Continued on page 63)

SUMMARY

HEAVYWEIGHTS
James Thunder KO 7 Ray Anis
James Thunder W 10 Franco Wanyama
Buster Mathis Jr. KO 1 Mike Acklie
Henry Akinwande KO 2 Stanley Wright
Corrie Sanders KO 1 James Pritchard
Jeremy Williams KO 2 Quin Navarre
Alex Stewart W 10 Jesse Ferguson
Chris Byrd KO 5 Tim Puller
Nate Tubbs W 10 Wes Turner
Phil Jackson KO 3 Krishna Wainwright
Robert Daniels KO 3 Mike Acey
David Tua W 8 Sean Hart
Courage Tshabalala W 6 Carl McGrew
Courage Tshabalala KO 1 Harold Johnson
Nelson Adams KO 1 Dan Murphy
Alonzo Highsmith KO 3 Verdell Chester

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Nate Miller KO 8 Orlin Norris
(Wins WBA Title)
Marcelo Dominguez KO 9 Akim Tafer
(Wins Interim WBC Title)
Patrick Aoussi W 12 Valery Vikhor
Egerton Marcus D 12 Johnny McClain
Jacob Mofokeng KO 11 John Andrade
Alexander Gurov KO 3 Krishna Wainwright
Tony LaRosa W 12 Frankie Minton
Leonardo Aguilar W 10 Jason Nicholson

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Tim Littles KO 1 Mike Belcher
Michael Nunn KO 3 Terry Bee
Duran Williams D 12 Vinson Durham
Nicky Piper KO 3 Buster Keeton
Norbert Ekassi KO 1 Keith McMurray

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Nigel Benn KO 8 Vincenzo Nardiello
(Retains WBC Title)
Chris Eubank KO 1 Jose Ignacio Barruetabene
Henry Wharton KO 4 Mauro Galvano
Bryant Brannon W 12 Eric Lucas
Sugarboy Malinga W 8 Trevor Ambrose
Charles Brewer KO 3 Adam Garland
Daniel Perez W 10 Tony Brooks
Ravea Springs W 10 Lenzie Morgan

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Buddy McGirt KO 5 John Stewart
Lonnie Bradley KO 1 Dario Galindez
Joe Lipsey KO 3 James Gatlin
Rodney Toney KO 1 Felipe Rocha
Anthony Ivory W 8 Neville Brown
Glencoffe Johnson KO 2 Carlos Velez-Feliciano
Hard Rock Green D 8 Lonnie Davis

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Laurent Boudouani KO 6 Patrick Vungbo
Winky Wright KO 1 Larry Lacourriere
Spike Cheney W 10 Terrence Alli
Lester Ellis W 12 Eric Alexander
Tocker Pudwill KO 3 Frank Newton
Gene Hatcher W 8 Juan Galvan

WELTERWEIGHTS
Wilfredo Rivera KO 2 Manuel Hernandez
Vince Phillips W 10 Rocky Balboa
Hector Camacho KO 9 Gary Kirkland
Adrian Stone KO 5 John Duplessis
Bolillo Gonzalez KO 4 Gerald Reed
Joey Gamache KO 5 Tim Bonds
Patrick Charpentier W 12 Valery Kayumba
Verdell Smith KO 4 Louie Lomeli

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Julio Cesar Chavez KO 1 Craig Houck
(Non-Title Bout)
Khalid Rahilou W 12 Pasquale Perna
Andy Holligan KO 2 Tony Foster
Leonardo Mas KO 4 Jose Luis Baltazar
Scott Walker KO 12 Francisco Cuesta
John Lark KO 1 John Cartwell
Mario Martinez W 12 Andres Sandoval

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Jesse James Leija KO 7 Rodney Garnett
Shane Mosley KO 4 Mauricio Aceves
Leavander Johnson KO 6 Fabian Tejeda
David Sample W 8 Antonio Ojeda
Juan Rodriguez D 12 Mauro Lucero
Jean Baptiste Mendy KO 7 Rimvidas Bilius
Poli Diaz W 8 Karl Taylor
Angel Mona KO 5 Andre Sinepupov

UNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Arturo Gatti KO 6 Barrington Francis
Robert Garcia KO 12 Pancho Segura
Anatoly Alexandrov W 12 Jacobin Yoma

EATHERWEIGHTS
Steve Robinson KO 9 Pedro Ferradas
Kevin Kelley Tech. Draw 2 Tommy Parks
Hector Lizarraga KO 1 Alfred Rangel
Mehdi Labdouni KO 3 Fatima Diaz
David Santos KO 1 Edgar Garcia
Tois Saguid W 12 Doo Yul Lee
on Jo Irwin KO 8 Learie Bruce
Colin McMillan W 8 Dean Phillips

UNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Marco Antonio Barrera KO 1 Maui Diaz
Orlando Canizales W 12 John Lewus
Erik Morales W 12 Juan Luis Torres
Vincenzo Belcastro W 12 Bagdad Touama
Richie Wenton W 12 Michael Parris
Instead Clayton W 12 Alejandro Sanabria
Neil Swain KO 5 Tony Falcone

ANTAMWEIGHTS
Wayne McCullough W 12 Yasuei Yakushiji
Wins WBC Title)
Petrica Paraschiv W 12 Greg Richardson

UNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Luisma Goitia KO 4 Hyung Chul Lee
Wins WBA Title)
Satoshi Iida KO 6 Chong Keun Lee
Joji Sibali KO 7 Lucky Koatja
Armando Salazar W 12 Willy Salazar
Angel Almena W 12 Carlos Gomez

LYWEIGHTS
Danny Romero KO 6 Miguel Martinez
Retains IBF Title)
Mark Johnson KO 8 Josue Camacho
Raul Juarez W 12 Oscar Arciniega
Ayani Nene W 12 Abdi Pohan

UNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Saman Sorjaturong KO 7 Chiquita Gonzalez
Wins WBC/IBF Titles)
Pasus Chong KO 9 Sairung Suwanaslipa Gym
Carlos Murillo W 12 Ignacio Aguilar
Paul Weir W 10 Jose Luis Velarde

TRAWWEIGHTS
Irene Sanchez W 12 Tomas Rivera

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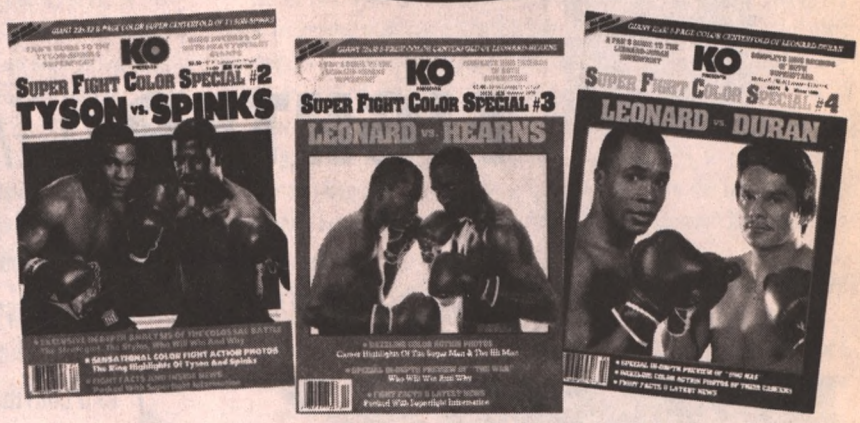

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RINGSIDE REPORTS

FIGHTER *of the* MONTH

There are striking parallels between Sorjaturong's shocking victory over Chiquita Gonzalez (see page 35) and Michael Carbajal's triumph over the Mexican. In both fights, Chiquita scored two knockdowns and, ahead on points, seemed en route to a convincing victory. And in both fights, the momentum was instantly altered by a single punch in round seven. Carbajal-Gonzalez was 1993's Fight of the Year. Sorjaturong-Gonzalez just might be 1995's Fight of the Year. If further parallels are to follow, Gonzalez will defeat Sorjaturong in the rematch, and then win the rubber match as well.

In the meantime, WBC-IBF junior flyweight champion Sorjaturong will reign as the only dual titlist in boxing. We doubt he'll ever top, or even match, his kayo of Chiquita, but trying to orchestrate a fitting encore is the kind of problem most fighters would gladly face.

• • • •

Saman Sorjaturong

Photo by Nasser Khan/"The Fightmaster"

Tracy Patterson KO 2 Ed Hopson

Reno, Nevada: Earlier this year, Patterson decided he wanted to direct his own career. Ever since, he and his father, former heavyweight champion Floyd Patterson, haven't talked. The rift has been painful for both men. "Making him a world champion wasn't good enough for him?" Floyd asked. Well, if Patterson takes credit for his son's success as the former WBC super bantamweight champion, Tracy certainly doesn't have to share the glory this time around.

Moving up two weight classes, Patterson, 129, Highland, New York, crushed defending IBF junior lightweight champion Hopson, 129, St. Louis, Missouri, at the Reno-Sparks Convention Center in a bout televised by ABC. It was Hopson's first defense.

The 24-year-old Hopson was a slight favorite, but he seemed overwhelmed by the assignment. Patterson, 30, opened as if intent on being the aggressor throughout, and while there was only one significant punch landed in the first round (a lead right by the challenger), Hopson boxed tentatively.

Thirty seconds into round two, Hopson, 26-1 (13), began to launch a wide right, and he was beaten to the trigger by Patterson, 53-3-1 (38), who stepped in with a perfectly placed cross. Hopson crashed to the mat and never recovered. Three knockdowns followed before referee Mills Lane (USA) called a halt at the 1:37 mark.

The judges were Keith MacDonald, Steve Weisfeld, and Tom McDonough, all from the USA.

"I did bring my power up [from junior featherweight]," said Patterson. "I was killing myself the time I was at 122."

All Hopson could offer was the obligatory "I'll be back." His inexperience against top-level competition had been plain to see.

"We told him, 'When you jab, don't drop your right hand,'" said Lou Duva, who handles Hopson.

That's a lesson Floyd Patterson taught Tracy a long time ago.

(7-9-95)

Nigel Benn KO 8 Vincenzo Nardiello

London, England: Workmanlike and efficient, but a notch short of convincing, Benn gained the upper hand over southpaw Nardiello, who retired rather bizarrely in the eighth round at London Arena. It was Benn's eighth defense of the WBC super middleweight title.

Benn, 168, London, returned to the scene of his heroic but ultimately tragic encounter with Gerald McClellan in February. He struggled to find his range and assert any kind of authority, and while the champion maintained control, two-time former European titlist Nardiello, 167, Ostia, Italy, presented him with plenty of problems. The challenger had an annoying tendency to complain at every opportunity to referee Larry O'Connell (England). If he had concentrated more on the battle and less on proving how well he could take a punch, he might well have caused a surprise.

It was Nardiello's second try at world honors. In 1991, he was stopped in the 11th round by then-WBA 168-pound champion Victor Cordoba.

The super middleweights looked anxious to get things started even before the opening bell as they stood, noses touching, during the playing of the national anthems. Nardiello won that battle, we suppose, by planting

Photo by Tom Hogan

Patterson was belted again—this time without Floyd

Photo by Action Images

Nardiello had trouble standing up to Benn

ily froze before falling to the floor. He recovered to engage in a toe-to-toe exchange, but a hook put him down again. Two rights floored him for a third time, and he was fortunate to survive the round.

Nardiello was severely punished in round eight when he turned to complain to the referee about a rabbit punch and got nailed by a left uppercut and a right. The challenger went down, clearly in trouble, and when he fell victim to another right uppercut, he shook his head and his father, Raffaele, threw in the towel from the corner. The TKO came at the 1:43 mark.

Afterward, Nardiello complained that his smooth-soled boots made him continually slip. "He went down from good shots," responded Benn.

"I want to fight [IBF super middleweight champion] Roy Jones," added Benn. "He is the only fighter who can put fear in me, and I need fear to get me up."

It's anticipated Benn will next fight on the Oliver McCall-Frank Bruno undercard in September.

The judges were Alfred Assaro (France), Carol Castellano (USA), and Rolando Barrovecchio (Italy).

Promoters: Frank Warren and Don King

(7-22-95)

Brian Doogan

Nate Miller KO 8 Orlin Norris

London, England: A devastating combination in the eighth round knocked Norris flat on his back and landed Miller the WBA cruiserweight title on the Benn-Nardiello card at London Arena. It was Norris' fifth defense.

Norris remained prostrate in the ring for eight minutes and had an oxygen mask strapped to his face before paramedics carried him out on a stretcher. Thankfully, he was suffering only from heat exhaustion and was discharged from the Royal London Hospital the next morning. The incident rekindled memories of Gerald McClellan being stretchered off from the same arena five months before after his brutal battle with Benn.

It was clear what was going through the mind of the 32-year-old Miller as he sat, head bowed, on his stool while Norris, 29, lay distressingly in front of him. He was delighted when told that Norris would be okay, and only then did he allow himself to celebrate his victory.

From the start, Miller, 186, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, had looked a dangerous proposition, scoring with sharp bodypunches and a particularly powerful right hand. He and Norris, 188, San Diego, California, engaged in a fierce exchange at the beginning of the second, but near the end of the round, the action had subsided sufficiently to merit a warning from referee John Coyle (England). Norris was inspired to raise his game in the third. He got the better of a battle to the body, and reinforced it with a couple of solid one-twos and a nice short left hook.

Some untidy stuff in the fourth prompted the crowd to boo, and the fifth was no livelier. It warmed up in the sixth, with Miller, 25-4 (21), particularly aggressive, though he was met head-on by Norris, 43-4 (24) with 1 no-decision. Miller took the round, and the seventh as well, and seemed to be gaining control.

The suspicion was confirmed in the eighth, when a forceful straight right staggered Norris in ring-center. Miller kept swinging, moving to the body, and then finishing with a right to the chin that caused Norris' legs to fold beneath him. Coyle counted him out at the 2:04 mark.

"It was unbearable, the heat in the ring, and I was just exhausted," said Norris.

A rematch may happen before the end of the year, but not if Norris keeps his promise and returns to heavyweight, where he contended in the late-'80s. It was reported he lost 34 pounds in a month to make weight for the Miller fight.

The judges were Angel Tovar (Venezuela), Justo Vasquez (Spain), and Bob Watson (USA).

This was Miller's second try at a world title. In July 1994, he lost on points to IBF champion Al Cole.

Promoters: Frank Warren and Don King

(7-22-95)

Brian Doogan

Photo by Action Images

Don King and newly crowned cruiser champ Nate Miller

a sneak kiss on Benn's cheek. It was Benn, however, who scored first during the official contest, a left hook and right hand ripping through Nardiello's guard. The Italian's best work, on the other hand, came in the form of rabbit-punching. That aside, he displayed an excellent right jab when he felt inclined to use it.

Moving forward, the 31-year-old Benn, 41-2-1 (34), nailed Nardiello, 26-4 (14), with uppercuts and overhand rights, but the challenger was strong enough to turn Benn on the ropes. Two wild rights from Benn connected in the fifth, and Nardiello, 29, went down. The dazed challenger complained of having been butted, and O'Connell issued no count. The pressure was sustained by Benn in the sixth, though there was a distinct lack of clean, effective shots.

A searing right did reach the target in the seventh, and Nardiello momentar-

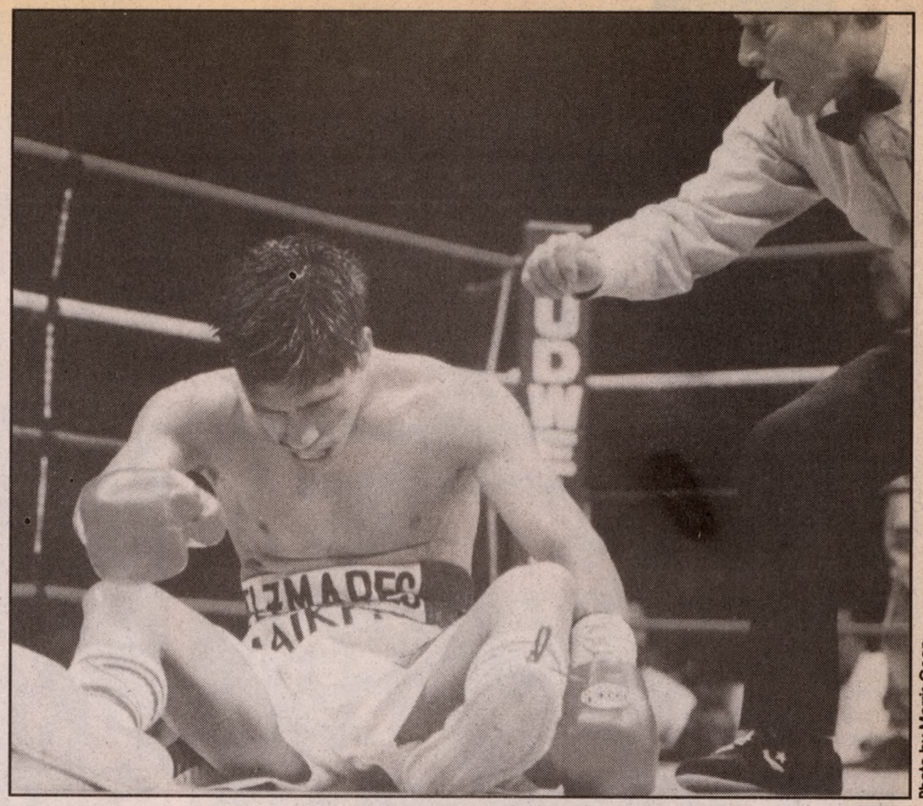


Photo by Morris Goen

Romero put Martinez down twice en route to successful defense

Danny Romero KO 6 Miguel Martinez

San Antonio, Texas: For a lot of champions, first-defense jitters and the powerpunches of a banger like "Makito" Martinez might present a serious problem. But IBF flyweight champion Romero gobbled up the challenges and asked what was for dessert.

Headlining the "Ay Caramba!" pay-per-view card at Freeman Coliseum, Romero, 110¾, Albuquerque, New Mexico, started slowly until he deciphered Martinez, 111, Tijuana, Mexico, and realized the challenger was open for right hands. The 21-year-old champion started launching his bombs with growing effectiveness until a wide right to the chin crumpled Martinez early in the sixth. Woozy, Martinez got up, but Romero swarmed, landing with both hands. Two more big rights to the head sent Martinez, 24, down again, and referee Jerry McKenzie (USA) called a halt at the 1:53 mark without issuing a count.

The judges were Dr. Ruben Garcia (USA), Harry Davis (Canada), and Gerald Maltz (USA).

"I'm not a big slugger, I just come in and do my business," the champion said in his dressing room. "Here, I was extremely nervous, I'll admit, more than in my world title fight [when he outpointed Francisco Tejedor in April]. I was anxious to go out and show the people what I have.

"Martinez was tough; he hit very hard, but I wore him down. Now I want to go on to bigger and better things. I would like to unify titles with [WBC champion] Yuri Arbachakov. That would be a tremendous fight, something I'd really like. I'm not going to stay too much longer at this weight."

Martinez, 32-9-1 (26), won the first session by scoring with combinations and lefts to the body. He got Romero's attention with a right to the head late in the opening round. After that, the champion's defense got better, as he picked off the challenger's blows or made him miss. Though Martinez was game—he went on to win the fourth round on aggressiveness—it rapidly became apparent that Romero, 25-0 (22), was going to be dominant. He ultimately proved both too quick and too strong.

This was Martinez' second try at world honors. In 1993, he was stopped in nine rounds by then-IBF flyweight champion Phichit Sithbangprachan.

Promoters: Top Rank, Sports Management

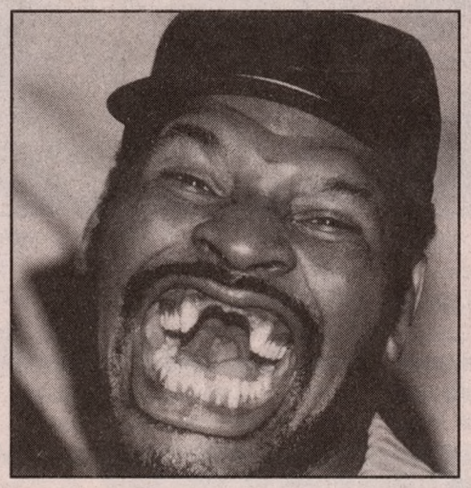
(7-29-95)

Bruce Williams ■

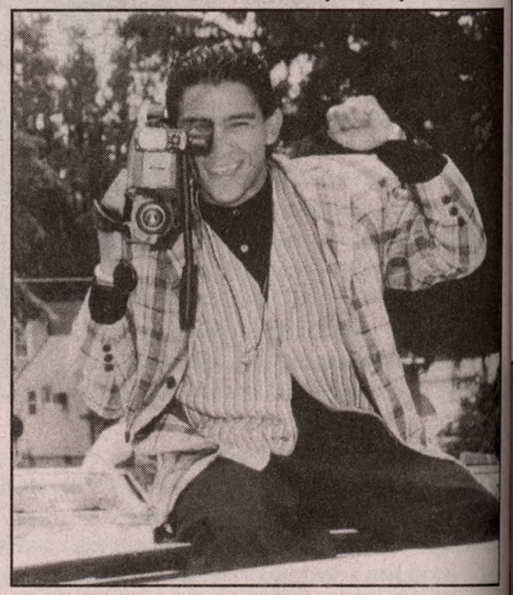
CAMERA CLICKS

Induction Weekend At The Hall Of Fame

Photos by Teddy Blackburn

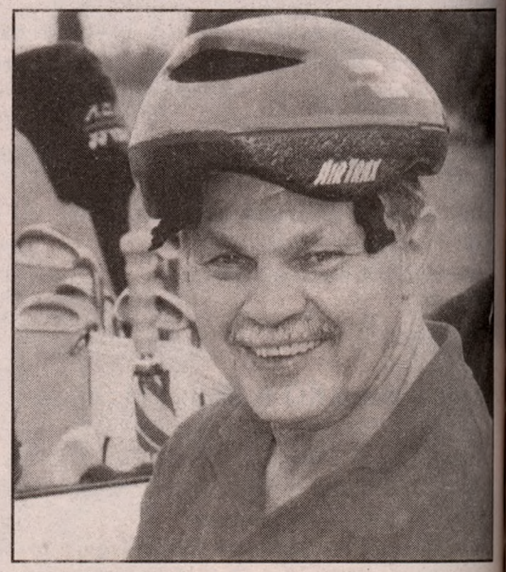


As far as we're concerned, they can't pay Leon Spinks' dentist enough. "Neon Le on's" smile illuminated induction weekend. He remains a fan favorite—and a toothbrush's worst nightmare.



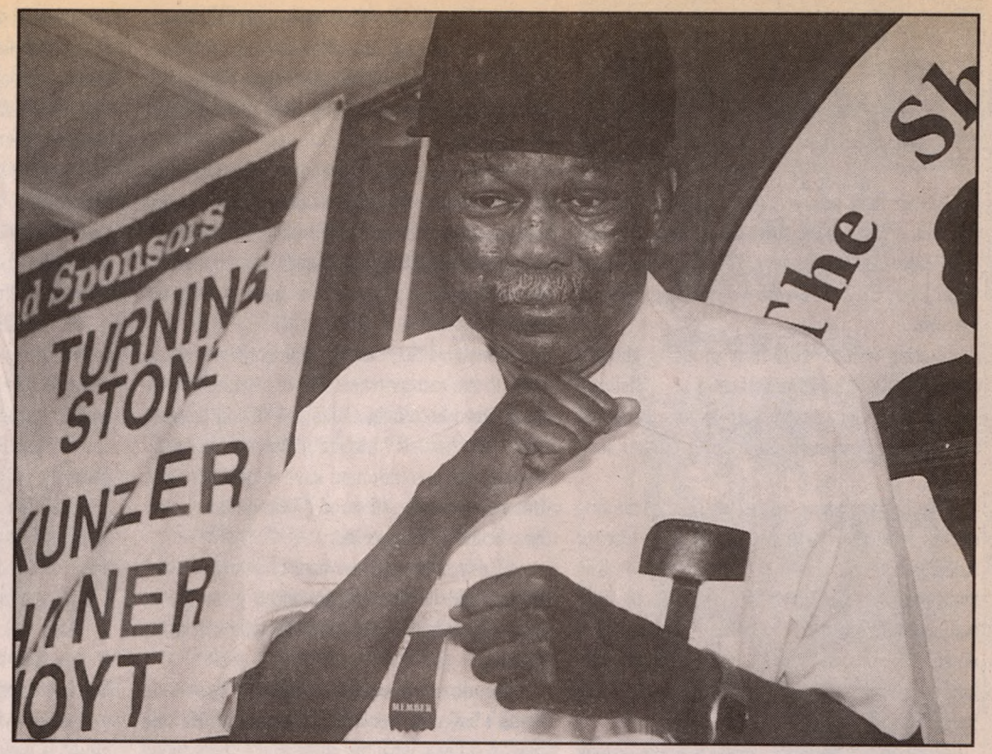
IBF flyweight champion Danny Romero made sure to record the festivities. The 21-year-old superstar-to-be hung out with buddy Michael Carbajal.

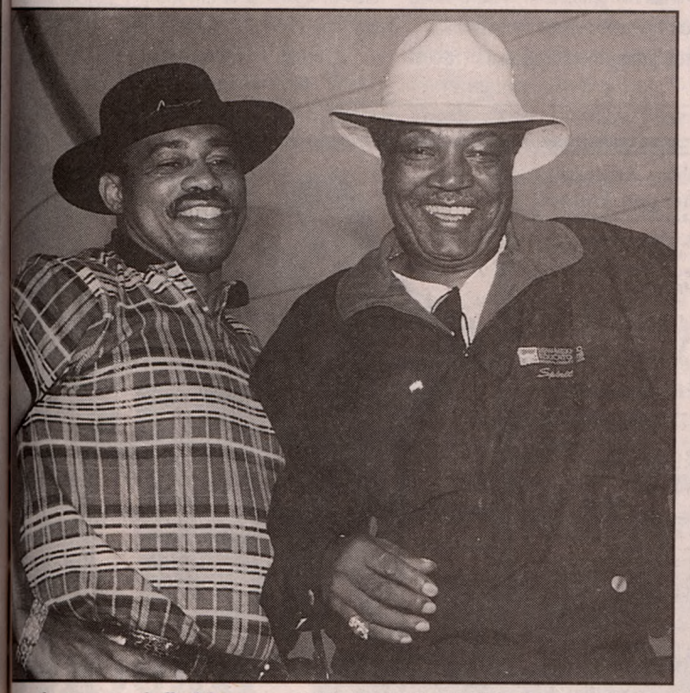
Kevin Rooney was in attendance on behalf of his mentor, legendary trainer and manager Cus D'Amato, who was inducted posthumously. Mike Tyson, however, was a no-show.



After getting struck by an errant drive last year (Livingstone Bramble was the guilty party), former lightweight champion Carlos Ortiz was taking no chances at the golf outing.

nductee Bob Montgomery seems eady to go a few rounds. "The obcat," who reigned as light- eight champion in the '40s, made he trek from Philadelphia.





nong the returning hall of famers were Ken Norton and Bob Foster. While Norton as gracious throughout, Foster felt the need to once again insult reigning light heavy- ight champion Virgil Hill, ripping his photo in half during the banquet/dinner.

NOSTALGIA CORNER

"Oh, what big muscles you have!" Seems they'll let anyone in those Los Angeles gyms. Heavyweight prospect Jerry Quarry poses with Dianna Lewis in January 1968.

Chiquita Gonzalez

(Continued from page 37)

the former light heavyweight champion), 18-1-1 (9), with a TKO in the first, and fighting law student Marco Antonio Barrera, 37-0 (26), dismantled Maui Diaz, 27-2 (15), with a first-round TKO of his own.

Boxing writers were busy grousing about a show that seemed as predictable as a Stallone movie. Then Gonzalez and Sorjaturong came out and showed them something they wouldn't soon forget.

The fighters began trading big shots in the first round, with the challenger showing a terrific straight right and almost no left to speak of. The switch-hitting Gonzalez, who elected to fight southpaw for most of the contest, was knocked down in the second by a right that caught him off-balance. Sorjaturong won the round, but two of the judges scored it only 10-9.

With his two-fisted inside attack, Chiquita took over in the third round. But Sorjaturong was game, and the champion had to eat some more rights.

Backing up the Thai with combinations, Chiquita scored big knockdowns in the fifth and sixth, and at the end of the latter round, Filippo had his hands up, poised to call a TKO when the bell saved Sorjaturong.

At the start of the seventh, Sorjaturong surprised Chiquita with a fierce attack. "I felt I needed a kayo to win," the challenger said. "I had planned to come on after the sixth round. I felt in the seventh round that the corner was going to stop the fight."

In March 1993, Carbajal, like Sorjaturong, had been to the canvas twice and was behind on the cards when he caught Chiquita—also in the seventh. The first of Chiquita's losses, also at the Forum, was a sixth-round kayo administered by Rolando Pascua. All three of Chiquita's losses have been terrific contests.

"This has been a very hard blow to Mexico," Barrera said. "Chiquita is not only a great fighter, he is a great human being. I believe he will win a rematch."

Mendoza conceded Chiquita "knows he doesn't have the best chin in the world. He told me, 'You know what my problem is? I have blood in my veins. I don't have ice cream in my veins.'

"How are you going to control that? He lost his temper and he went down. Even then, he didn't try to clinch to survive. He has too much pride, too much hot blood. Maybe that's why [Forum Boxing vice president] John Jackson called the card 'Accion Caliente' [Hot Action]."

Immediately after the fight, Gonzalez, 29, announced his retirement, saying he'd promised his family that "if I won, I'd do one more fight and then retire. But I lost, and that's what happens. We're not all invincible."

But he seemed to change his mind during the course of his remarks, saying he would consider going to Thailand to again fight Sorjaturong. A rematch clause was in the contract, Jackson said, and Forum Boxing holds an option if it takes place.

Chiquita has a reputation for not throwing around pesos with abandon, and presumably does not need a rematch to buttress his finances. "He is a *simpatico* [nice] Scrooge," laughed Mendoza.

Also looking for Gonzalez are, among others, Danny Romero and WBC flyweight champion Yuri Arbachakov. "Everyone wants to fight Chiquita," Mendoza said, "because he draws a crowd. Chiquita is the Mike Tyson of the small fighters."

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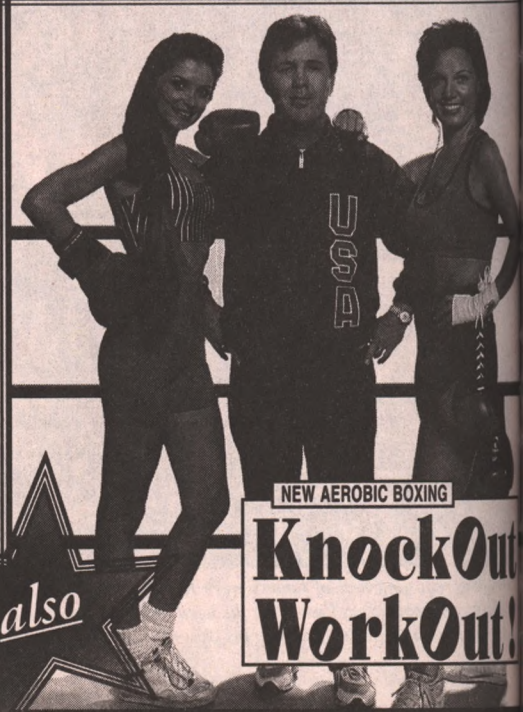

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Sorjaturong made clear he would be honored to meet his idol in a rematch. Atkinson said Sorjaturong's only bout outside of Thailand resulted in a loss because he couldn't fight well at only 105 pounds. In that bout, he was stopped in two rounds by unbeaten WBC strawweight champion Ricardo Lopez in July 1993 in Nuevo Laredo, Mexico. Sorjaturong, Atkinson added, had only a few days to get used to the altitude.

Sorjaturong said the victory over Gonzalez was his eighth against Mexican fighters. If he was hoping to boil the blood of Chiquita, that's exactly the kind of statement to do it. ■

Ivan G. Goldman is The Ring's correspondent in Southern California.

New Faces

(Continued from page 16)

knockout. But the hand swelled during the bout and Santos was advised to take two months off. The pain was still present during his next bout, and again doctors prescribed rest. "I said, 'I'm done with that stuff,' and I had the operation," Santos said.

The surgery took place in New York in January. After four months of rest and rehabilitation, Santos was back in the gym. He returned to the ring in June and kayoed Roy Simpson at the St. Pete Coliseum. "I was nervous because I didn't know what was going to happen to the hand," Santos said. "I was really surprised that I came out as relaxed as I was, and I think the third right that I threw dropped him. After that, the nervousness went away."

Santos feels the injury has made him an improved fighter. "It made my left hand better, which I needed," he said. "And I learned to fight with adversity. I went into fights knowing I only had one hand, but I couldn't stop. I had to keep fighting, and not only that, but keep winning."

"He's been a lot more active in last two fights," noted Santos' manager, Jim McLaughlin. "When he fought Cargle, I don't think he even knew he had a left, he threw so many rights."

McLaughlin, who owns the Fourth Street Boxing Club in St. Pete, has been with Santos since the day the featherweight walked through the door and announced that he wanted to fight. Santos was nine at the time, and until the hand surgery, the longest he went without training was a nine-month stretch at age 11. That was a sort of suspension, and it came about when his father caught him walking when he should have been doing his roadwork. "That was tough," Santos said. "That was right in the middle of all the *Rocky* movies."

Santos was born in Lowell, Massachusetts. He moved to St. Pete when he was eight and compiled an amateur mark of 149-11. He was a four-time Florida Golden Gloves champion, won the National PAL title in 1986, and reached the finals of the 1989 National Golden Gloves tournament. He also represented the USA in five international bouts.

At 5'8", Santos is taller than most of his opponents, and he's learned to use his height and speed to his advantage. "He's a very quick puncher and a big hitter," McLaughlin said. "It's the snap he puts on the end of his punches. He utilizes his whole body weight."

So far, at least, Santos has been successful in combining substance and style. The flash is pretty much limited to his attire. The sequined shorts and "Diamond" nickname? Santos works as a manager of a jewelry store in St. Pete. "The shorts pump me up because I almost have to live up to what I'm wearing," he said.

Santos hopes to add more glitter in the form of a world championship belt. McLaughlin feels that can come in early-1996. "He's very intelligent, and you have to use the mind in the ring, too," McLaughlin said of Santos. "He out-thinks his opponents. He's a thinking fighter. He can adapt to a fighter very quickly. I figure he needs a few more tuneup fights to get more confidence with his right. His left hand is working beautifully, so hopefully, everything will come together for him."

The Tampa Bay area of Florida, which includes St. Pete, is making great strides in professional sports. There are pro football and hockey teams, and in 1997, Major League Baseball will arrive. "They say this is getting to be a big-league city," Santos said. "I want to be the period on the end of that sentence." ■

Roger Mooney is a sportswriter for the Charlotte Sun Herald. He lives in Port Charlotte, Florida.

Naseem Hamed

(Continued from page 23)

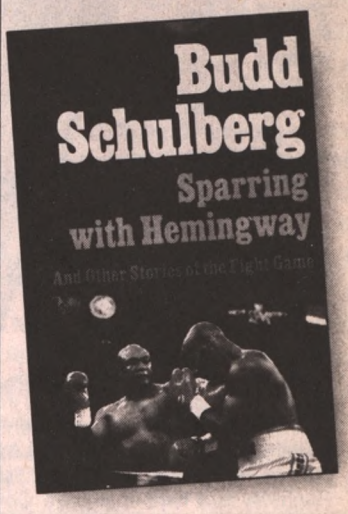
in America they will have to take notice.

THE RING: Who do you regard as the best fighters in your division right now?

NH: Well, my next fight is against [featherweight] Steve Robinson, and only one thing is certain—he is gonna get beat. As is everyone else, regardless of who they are. The best fight-

(Continued on page 57)

Share Budd Schulberg's memories of boxing's greatest moments



Budd Schulberg captures the sights, sounds, and sometimes even the smells of the fight game in these reports on the Sweet Science, collected for the first time in *Sparring with Hemingway*. Along with vivid pieces on the great fights and great fighters of the past 75 years—from Benny Leonard to Muhammad Ali to George Foreman—Schulberg explores the mystique of the heavyweight championship, rails against the seamy side of the business, and recalls his own verbal sparring match with "Papa" Hemingway.

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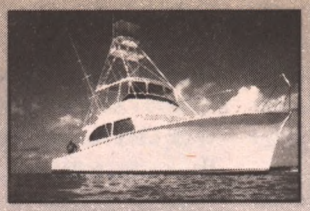

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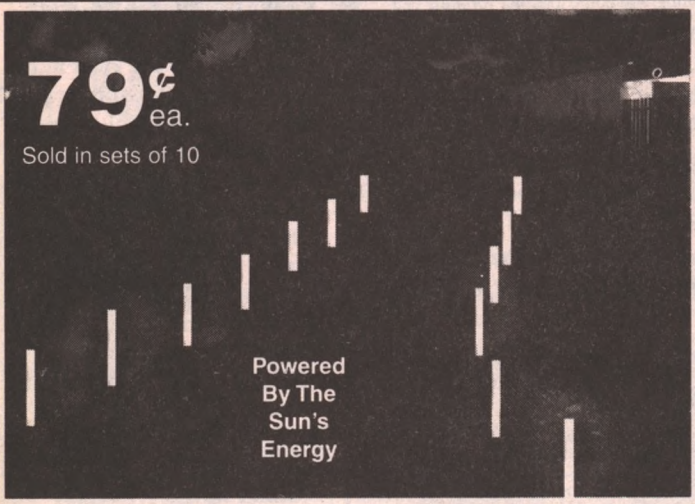

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Naseem Hamed

(Continued from page 55)

er after me is Miguel Angel Gonzalez. And I don't think Kevin Kelley is gone yet. He's still a tremendous fighter. Marco Antonio Barrera is more of a bully fighter. When he faces a fighter who can bang and slip, as I can, then I think he'll have problems.

THE RING: What is your reply to those who would say, "Hamed hasn't even been hit on the chin yet. Wait and see what happens then"?

NH: I say to them that they've never seen me train. I spar with heavyweights and guys who are champions at other weights, higher weights than I am. It's not for them to make judgments about being hit on the chin. I've already been hit, believe me. I've been hit. Now if people decide to close their eyes or they fall asleep, then they won't see it. I have a solid chin for the simple reason I don't get hit often. I'm not chinny. I won't be stopped, because I refuse to be stopped.

THE RING: You are good, however, at stopping other people. Does the power come from those noticeably strong legs?

NH: A lot of people think my power comes from my legs. I think it's much more than that. I get so much power and belief in myself from God, and from God the power passes through my legs, through my hips, up to my shoulders, through my arms, and into my fists. I think I'm written to be a legend, *incha Allah* (God willing).

THE RING: So your faith is what makes you strong?

NH: Religion is a big thing that drives me forward. I think my whole power and my whole capacity as a human being comes from God. It's like I'm a passenger in the back seat, just being driven along. And all I do is for God. It's therefore a guarantee that I will succeed. When people watch and are impressed, I got to say that they ain't seen nothin' yet.

THE RING: What are we going to see?

NH: You're gonna see world champions destroyed and beaten in the same manner I put my opponents away now. To me, they're just another fighter. They just have a tag—"world champion." Well, they'll lose that tag when they step in the ring with me. It's irrelevant who they might be. I am the best in the business.

THE RING: Your style of fighting is very unorthodox. It is fashioned by anyone, or is it a combination of fighters?

NH: My style is the most unique style ever. I have studied all the great fighters, Ali, Robinson, Leonard, and I can honestly say that none was ever as good as I am, the same style, the same smoothness, the same power, the same supreme ability at 21 years old. I don't see any of them as I see me at 21. But I can't say I'm a legend yet, as those guys are, until I prove myself.

THE RING: Beating someone like Barrera would be a step in the right direction. Is he someone you would like to face?

NH: I would absolutely love the fight. He comes forward like all Mexican fighters. Which means he's gonna come to me, which means he's gonna get hit, which means he's gonna get stopped, which means I will win. Basically, he's gonna walk into a collision. The explosive power I've got in these fists ... man, he's in trouble—they all are. I can see myself retiring undefeated. There is not a chink in the armor. It's just a pure, ultimate champion.

THE RING: Can you picture yourself being beaten?

NH: I feel I'm the best. I'm history in the making. The words wouldn't come out of my mouth if I didn't believe it. That thought never even comes into the reckoning. Time will tell, and when time comes, I will prove it all. I'm bringing boxing into a new era. I'm gonna take boxing into the 21st century with style, glitz, and razzmatazz, and take it throughout the world. And it has to be done. With Ali being gone and the departure of Leonard, a lot of glamour has been taken out of boxing. But I think I have the goods to bring the style back in.

THE RING: In America right now, most observers regard Oscar De La Hoya as a fighter of both substance and style, indeed the next superstar. What do you think of him?

NH: I think Oscar De La Hoya is a great fighter. He has good movement and impressive upper body strength, and he seems to have the heart of a champion. But I think he's a little chinny. He has been put down by ordinary fighters, and that's obviously not a good sign. If they can do that to him, what would someone who is world class and has a bit of power do to him? So there are a few questions to be asked. But he's a world champion, and full respect to him.

THE RING: For someone who seems so cocky, you do accord other champions quite a bit of respect.

NH: I may come across as arrogant, bombastic, a big-head, but people don't know me away from the ring. You've got to understand that boxing is boxing and show business is show business. Away from all that, I am me. If a fighter is a world champion, you have to respect him. You have to give any fighter respect because of what he goes through. Boxing is the hardest trade out there, and fighters must get praise.

THE RING: Speaking of hard, you were ringside for Nigel Benn-Gerald McClellan. What kind of affect did that fight have on you?

NH: I could imagine an upset when I walked into the arena. Just the atmosphere was special. I had a sixth sense about what was going to happen. His ability aside, Nigel has one of the biggest hearts in the business. I think you've got to be a champion of class to beat a champion of class, and he proved he was that night. While it's sad and unfortunate for McClellan and his family, it's also sad for the sport of boxing. It was bad to see, and particularly sad to see, a young man being stretchered out of the ring. The next day I went to pay my respects to him and his family. And I dedicated my next fight to Gerald McClellan. But in my mind I had to blank it. Life must go on. Business is business.

THE RING: Do you ever think that something like that could one day happen to you?

NH: Not at all. Them thoughts never come into it. A fighter who anticipates defeat will make it become a reality. I don't anticipate defeat. I anticipate being a winner, a champion. I can either win—or win. Do you understand? Negative thoughts never enter my head.

THE RING: Will success change you as a person?

NH: Definitely not. From having nothing to accumulating so much fame and money is frightening. But the guy you're talking to today will be the same guy 10 years from now.

THE RING: Do you have concrete plans laid out for, say, the next 10 years?

NH: My maps, my plans, are written by God. It'll just happen. I take it year by year, and I see success and great things all the time. I'm a very victorious, confident, positive-minded person.

THE RING: So you can't, or won't, envision any hard times ahead at all?

NH: I've been in boxing for a long time, since I was seven. During that time I've seen a lot of fighters hit the depths and fall on the scrap heap. That could never happen to me. My trainer, Brendan Ingle, has always told me

(Continued on page 59)

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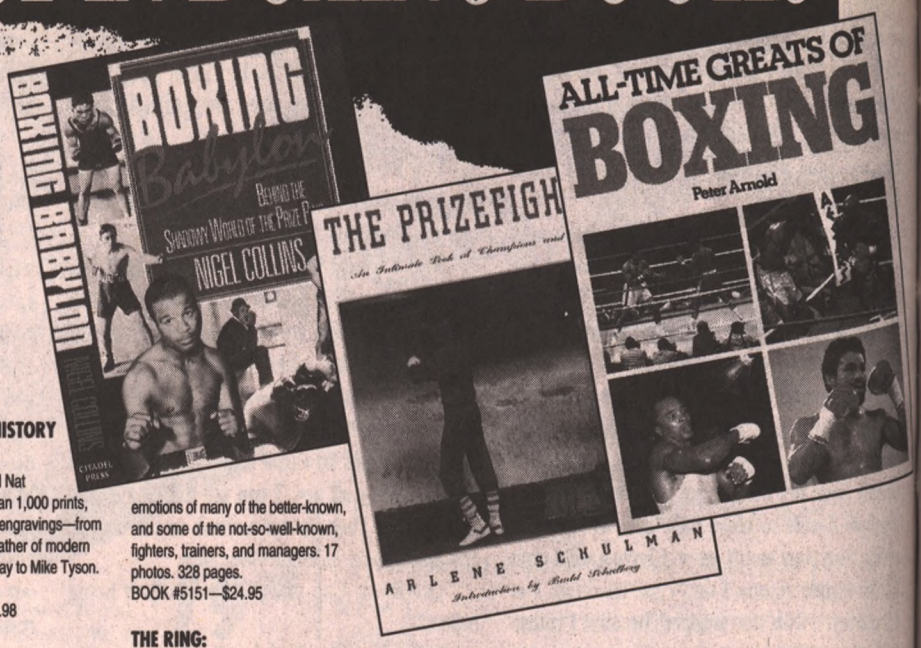

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Naseem Hamed

(Continued from page 57)

what I have to be wary of, and he's been like a second father.

THE RING: What do you say to those who believe boxing to be totally barbaric?

NH: I say it's a sport for men to demonstrate their mental strength and physical strength and to push themselves to levels which cannot be reached by other athletes. It is the ultimate test.

THE RING: Does your conviction explain your remarkably relaxed demeanor immediately prior to your fights?

NH: All the way through my life I've been in total control and made the decisions. When I'm in a dressing room before a fight, I am totally cool, calm, and collected because I know I've already won. As I said, I am not a negative person. I surround myself with positive people; I don't have any negative people around me. It will always remain like that.

THE RING: Should you fight Barrera, he would be a step up from the opponents you've met thus far. Could he push you to the extremes, where we might see the very best of Naseem Hamed?

NH: I think Barrera would give me a tremendous fight, but he wouldn't push me to the extremes you may be thinking of. From super bantamweight to featherweight to super featherweight, there is no one who could at this time. ■

Best Chins

(Continued from page 27)

with diverse skills, Johnson's chin is overlooked. But he's never been down, even in the gym. "I don't recall ever being on Queer Street or needing assistance," he said. While consistency has marked "Boom Boom's" 10-year career, he's been involved in his share of sensational shootouts, including bouts against Troy Dorsey, Pancho Segura, and Benny Amparo. But one punch, and one puncher, stand out in his mind. The punch was a right hand delivered by Anthony English in the ninth round of their battle in 1990. (Johnson won on points.) And the puncher is Panama's dangerous Orlando Soto, against whom Johnson defended against in 1994. "But I was never close to going down," he said with pride. "I think my ability to take a shot has to do with my neck muscles, but also with my rolling and turning away from shots." His only inside-the-distance loss came in 1991, when a headbutt ended his first title fight with Manuel Medina.

8. Evander Holyfield: There is a perception that Holyfield, who turned pro at light heavyweight, has been physically mismatched ever since he jumped to heavyweight. If that's the case, a dependable chin has been his secret weapon. He's been downed by only Bert Cooper (correctly ruled a knockdown after the ropes prevented a staggered Holyfield from falling) and Riddick Bowe, in their first fight. Among those who have zeroed in with their best shots but failed to send "The Real Deal" south: George Foreman, Alex Stewart, Michael Dokes, Ray Mercer, and Michael Moorer. "I knew long before I worked with him that Evander had a great chin," said Steward, who trained the heavyweight for his title-regaining effort vs. Bowe. "In the amateurs, I had Ricky Womack, who was one of the most vicious punchers. They fought three, four wars, and when he got hit, Holyfield always came right back." Indeed, Holyfield is most dangerous after getting clocked. In his case, the strength of his chin is directly related to the strength of his will.

9. George Foreman: Big George, who turns 47 in January, has been felled by three heavyweights. The knockdowns at the hands of Muhammad Ali and Jimmy Young, neither of whom was a puncher, came as the direct result of exhaustion. In a sense, then, in 78 bouts, Foreman has been legitimately floored only by Ron Lyle. In his second career, he's remained standing through 31 bouts, and against such bombers as Bert Cooper, Gerry Cooney, Alex Stewart, Tommy Morrison, and Michael Moorer. And remember, as slow as he is, Foreman hasn't been slipping a lot of punches. "He takes it better than he did when he was young," said Atlas. "If he fought the Lyle fight now, he wouldn't go down. He's more relaxed, and he's got remarkable resolve. It's all related to [the Ali fight in] Zaire. He found out afterward that he was discouraged and had given up. He learned that he didn't have to put all his eggs in one basket, that if his punch didn't get the job done, he could rely on other things. Now he refuses to submit."

10. Melchor Cob Castro: Equal time for the little guys. Anyone who boxes 24 championship rounds vs. Chiquita Gonzalez without going down deserves this status. Unlike many of the fighters on

(Continued on page 61)

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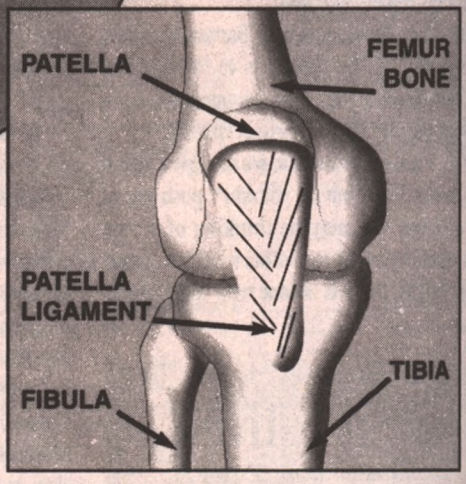

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Best Chins

(Continued from page 59)

our list, the Mexican junior flyweight doesn't have to often rely on his chin because he doesn't get hit that much. Cob Castro has been floored twice in 52 bouts, and in addition to Chiquita, he's mixed with such hitters as Marcos Pacheco, Rolando Pascua, Bong Jun Kim, Domingo Sosa, Leon Salazar, and Makito Martinez. (In other words, just about every world-class 108-pounder this side of Michael Carbajal.) "Cob Castro's greatest strength is his conditioning, and his second greatest strength is his chin, and those two might be related," said John Beyrooty, publicist for Forum Boxing. "His chin has been more evident in recent fights because he's fought more aggressively. He's never come close to being hurt or stunned. In the almost six years I've been at the Forum, there's no question he has one of the best chins, if not *the* best, of the little guys." ■

Tommy Morrison

(Continued from page 31)

because the very first time I ever got beat as a professional, it was in the fifth round against Mercer," said Morrison. "I started to get tired around the fourth round, and I had no place to go. I didn't know any other way to fight except coming forward."

Of course, there's no tonic like success to soothe self-doubt, and the Ruddock kayo was another dose of just the right kind of medicine.

"Every big fight that I've had where I came back—Joe Hipp, Carl Williams, the Ruddock fight, all the exciting fights that I've had—I always look like s___, look like I'm tired in the fourth and fifth rounds, but I always come back in the sixth and seventh. Always," said Morrison. "Every time I face adversity and come back, it takes a little chip out of that psychological barrier."

Still, a large part of Morrison's appeal lies in his let-it-all-hang-out, kill-or-be-killed approach to fighting. It's his reckless style, as much as his white skin, that has made him a popular attraction despite several major calamities.

"People bitch and gripe about me being tired after three or four rounds, but I don't know a heavyweight out there who throws as many punches as I do in three or four rounds, and as hard as I do," said Morrison. "If there's a fighter out there who can throw as many punches as I do, as hard as I do, and not get tired, I'll kiss his ass."

Morrison's earthy candor is another endearing quality that has often been overlooked in the rush to criticize. Sure, the guy's flawed. He's never denied it. But even so, to his way of thinking, he's been held to a different standard because of who and what he is.

"When people look at me, the first thing they see is that I'm white," he said. "Supposedly, white guys can't fight. People have been told that for 40 or 50 years. Then, all of a sudden, one comes along who can fight a little bit, and I'm subject to 10 times more criticism than the average black or Hispanic. I don't know why that is. I guess it's because of the color of my skin. But I don't care. I only worry about things that I can control. And the only person I can control when I'm in that ring is me."

To a degree, the Ruddock fight altered the perception of Morrison as a fighter who can't win the big one. Sure, he outlegged a strangely passive George Foreman to win a 12-round decision in 1993, but that was an uncharacteristically disciplined performance. And any positive impression the fight made quickly evaporated four months later, when Bentt iced Tommy Boy in one round.

The Ruddock kayo was more substantial than the decision over Foreman, mainly because Morrison overcame a crisis, as opposed to executing a well-considered strategy. Not that he hasn't tried to take a more organized approach in other fights. It just hasn't always worked.

"Me and my trainer always get together and figure out two things," said Morrison. "[We have] our number-one game plan, whether it's go after him or try to get him to come after us, whatever. And then we figure out what to do if our number-one plan doesn't work. We always have a game plan, and if it doesn't work, our number-two objective is to do what I do best. And that's just maul somebody, just go in and brawl, do whatever I have to do to win."

That's more like the Tommy Morrison we all know and love. Who wants to see a knockout artist tiptoeing around the ring like Willie Pep? Certainly not the moguls of the pay-per-view networks who are going toe-to-toe over The Duke's services. From a marketing/marquee point of view, Morrison is as hot now as anyone this side of Mike Tyson and Riddick Bowe. And if he beats Lewis ... Well, one thing at a time.

Though a tad tarnished, Lewis, 27-1 (23), is a fresher, far more athletically gifted fighter than Ruddock—and almost as hard a puncher. The most frequently heard opinion, bolstered by the

(Continued on page 62)

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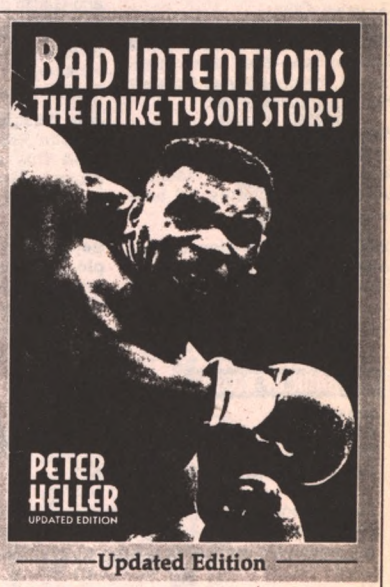

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Tommy Morrison

(Continued from page 61)

way Lewis chopped down Lionel Butler and Justin Fortune with right uppercuts in his last two bouts, is that the enigmatic Englishman will drill the Oklahoman in much the same manner. But Morrison isn't so sure that Lewis is a lock.

"Lennox has gotten slower lately, and lot of it has to do with the extra weight he's carrying," pointed out Morrison. "When he fought Razor Ruddock, he weighed 227 pounds, and he was a guy who moved a lot, a guy who was hard to get to. Here lately, he's stepping in at 248, 250, and he doesn't move any more. He's a stationary guy. And when someone is standing there stationary, it's a helluva lot easier to see that right hand coming."

Then there are the intangibles. We know Morrison can come off the canvas to win, but what about Lewis? Though the general consensus is that he was in no condition to continue, Lewis maintains referee Lupe Garcia stopped his title-losing fight with Oliver McCall too soon. Whatever the case, Morrison believes that if it comes down to heart, he's got it all over Lewis.

"Lennox is not a guy who likes to rough it up," claimed Morrison. "He's a pretty boy. He doesn't like to get in there in the trenches. He's pretty comfortable. He's made a lot of money. This is not a guy who is going to take a beating. I don't think he has a whole lot of balls. You get him in a corner and start to hurt him, he's gonna fold his tent and go home."

If Morrison upsets Lewis, the payoff could be colossal. HBO, which is televising the bout, would like the winner to fight the winner of Bowe-Holyfield on the network's pay-per-view arm, TVKO. But if Morrison triumphs, a jump to Don King and Showtime is far more likely. According to Virgets, only the threat of an HBO lawsuit saved the Morrison-Lewis fight. Virgets, Morrison, and the heavyweight's promoter, Tony Holden, have already had several negotiation sessions with King.

"There are a lot of ingredients that can be built on," said Morrison when asked to look past Lewis and toward a possible Tyson fight. "We were both managed by Cayton. He's black and I'm white. He's the ex-con and I'm the Hollywood golden boy. You know how that crap goes. I don't get into that sort of s___, but apparently they're very good tools for building a fight."

Wait a minute. Not so fast! This is Tommy

Morrison we're talking about. Beating Lewis is enough of a stretch. Isn't a fight with Tyson completely in the realm of fantasy?

"I've always been an individual who gets [excited] doing things people think I can't do," said Morrison. "Somebody tells me, 'You can't do that,' I'm gonna do it. That's the way it's been since I was a kid. That's why I'm surprised that I'm still alive. I was a complete rebel in high school. In my senior class I was voted least likely to survive. I was the guy who would do things no one else would do. People would say, 'I bet you can't get up there and climb across that electrical line.' Well, I did it. That's a part of me that will always be there. I carry that into the ring with me. I thrive off of proving people wrong."

It's the sort of thinking, coupled with his knockout punch, that makes Morrison so dangerous. And that's no joke at all. ■

Gaspar Ortega

(Continued from page 45)

Sebastiana Ortega Benitez, wasn't much for having her Gaspar, one of 12 Benitez offspring, chased around a ring by horned mayhem. She wouldn't have been nuts about having him swapping punches, either, but when, at the behest of an older brother, Gaspar turned professional at the age of 15, winning eight pesos ($4) and a four-round decision in Tijuana, the fact was kept from her by the expedient of changing his last name to Ortega, her maiden name.

By the time a neighbor spilled the beans to Mrs. Benitez, her son was an undefeated main-eventer. Under pressure from the rest of the family, she said Gaspar could continue in the ring until his first defeat, and then promptly began praying for that result. When it finally happened, in his 17th fight, Gaspar told his mother it was too late to retire. He was already a burgeoning ring idol in Mexico, and his boxing career was bigger than both of them. She reluctantly agreed.

When manager Nick Corby brought Ortega to New York City for his American debut at Madison Square Garden in August 1954, he was put in a mere four-rounder against one Iggy Maldonado. "They didn't believe I could fight," says Ortega, who changed the doubters' minds by easily whipping Maldonado.

"He was fast and he was flashy," wrote Ward. "He punched with dazzling speed, and his graceful movements were those of a jaguar. His coordination and reflexes were remarkable. When cornered or stung, he had an uncanny way of leaping out of harm's path, an almost instinctive sense, it seemed, for avoiding killing punches."

"That was my best, my defensive ability," agrees the gentlemanly Ortega. "I think it was natural, because bullfighting has a lot to do with avoiding getting hit by the bull."

Tony DeMarco was no bull, but he was the former welterweight champion of the world. When Indio was matched against him at the Garden in November 1956, for all Ortega's defensive skills, there was great worry for him in his native country. So much so, in fact, that his mother, who couldn't read or write nor speak any English, collected money from his siblings and, all by herself, flew to New York City to warn him of the danger he was in.

When she found her son in the Big Apple, with the help of a Puerto Rican taxi driver, her explanation to her amazed son was: "I came to see you fight because everybody [at home] thinks you get beat big-time."

Replied Gaspar, "I don't think so."

He beat DeMarco, and in the next year cemented his status as a 147-pound contender with victories over Isaac Logart and former champion Kid Gavilan.

Ortega went on to meet most of the division's top fighters—Ralph Dupas and Denny Moyer (both of whom would become junior middleweight champions), former welterweight champions Don Jordan and Carmen Basilio, and then-champion Benny "Kid" Paret, whom Ortega beat in a non-title bout.

In 1960, he fought Griffith at Madison Square Garden and lost a split decision to the future welterweight and middleweight champion. "I think they robbed me," he says.

There was no robbery in their rematch at the Olympic Auditorium in February 1961. By then Griffith was champion, and he showed why by thoroughly dominating Indio and flooring him for only the second time in his almost 100-bout career. Ortega was stopped in the 12th round.

Today, when a young boxer loses his first title shot, he usually goes on to fight for three or four other versions of the same championship. But back then, there was only one title per division, and his loss to Griffith at the age of 24 convinced Ortega that it was time to come with a new career plan.

"I knew when I fought Griffith for the title I cannot make it to be champion anymore," he says. "But I don't know how to work or do nothing. I told Nick Corby I had three kids to sustain, so I want to be an old-time fighter now."

That meant to fight as often as possible and wherever possible. Ortega was already a famous fighter and an idol in his native Mexico. He estimates that he fought on national television 44 times, which would put him second to Tiger Jones on the list of the most-televised boxers in the original era of weekly network fight broadcasts.

Ortega hit the road, with he and Corby contacting promoters to map out an old-fashioned barnstorming tour. In late-August 1961, Ortega stopped Bobby Brown in Nogales, Mexico. That

(Continued on page 64)

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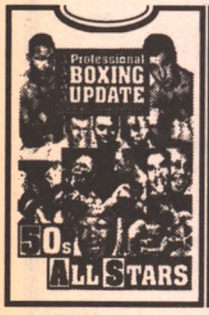

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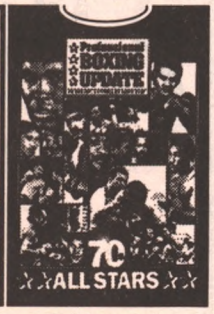

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Gaspar Ortega

(Continued from page 63)

September he won six bouts in Mexico and the Southwestern USA. He finished the year with 16 fights.

In 1962 and '63, Ortega fought 22 matches each, and 29 more in 1964. For all but two months of each year he was traveling and boxing. Then he would join his family in their New York City apartment.

It was a rough life for his family, which was thousands of miles away, and for Indio, riding cars, trains, buses, and airplanes to another fight that might net him, still a world-ranked welterweight, as little as $150. In his busiest years, Ortega's income averaged out to about $50,000 a year.

"In a week, I could make enough money to send to my family," he says. "My family never, ever was without food. But it was hard. I had to keep moving, moving.

"I believe I learned so much, mostly about life. Sometimes I'm wondering how I did it, coming from Tijuana, living on frijoles and tortillas."

Pride had a lot to do with it.

"I liked to be in the ring and show how Indio, with no education, can excite a lot of people."

There was lots of excitement. For an article that appeared in THE RING in 1962, titled "Why I'm A Boxing Gypsy," Ortega told writer Lester Bromberg, "Right now I am campaigning in the sticks, and the smaller the town I visit, the more I like it. When I come there, it's a big event. The fans in the small towns get all excited. It's catching, and I get excited with them. The result is that I have made some of my finest fights in places you never heard of probably."

Now he recalls, "I liked it because people always wanted to see me in person. I'd come to a place the day before the fight and go to the gym to shadowbox, and the places were packed with people."

In 1963, the world's busiest fighter got to see even more of the world. Ortega went abroad for the first time [not counting trips to Hawaii to fight] and lost a decision in Rome to future middleweight champion Nino Benvenuti, who had 10 pounds on him. "I lost it straight," says Indio. Many of the decisions against him in other fighters' hometowns were questionable, but he didn't complain.

After dropping six consecutive decisions in 1965, it was Ortega's indomitable mother who told him it was time at last to quit the ring. This time he listened. Indio was starting a job in the athletic department at a New York YMCA when a visitor from his past showed up and changed his life.

In 1959, Ortega was in a Mexico City hotel where he was tracked down by a young American, a boxing fan who had driven South of the Border to celebrate his graduation from school. The visitor's car had broken down beyond repair, and the young man, a good talker, asked Ortega for help in returning home to New Haven, Connecticut. Indio phoned the hotel's travel agency and learned it would cost $85 to fly from Mexico City to New Haven. He gave the American the money and his address in New York so the loan could be repaid.

"Do you remember me?" asked John Hocks when he saw Ortega in New York seven years later.

"You never paid me back my money," said Ortega.

"I read you're retiring, and I want to take you on a trip to Connecticut," said Hicks.

"He found me a job here and an apartment," says Ortega. "I started working and doing good." The debt was repaid with interest.

Today, Ortega is a counselor to drug addicts and inmates getting out of jail. He lives in his own suburban home with his wife of 39 years, Ida, also a remarkable person. She dropped out of school to marry Ortega, and now is co-manager of a bank. He credits Ida for "100 percent supporting me all the time." The Ortegas have four sons and a daughter. One of their sons, Michael Benitez Ortega, is an East Coast boxing referee.

While the boxing gypsy has sunk roots deep into Connecticut, his battles are not over. The latest opponent is cancer. In early-1995, a malignancy was discovered, and Indio began a torrid regimen of radiation and chemotherapy.

"Always I have faith," says the fighter who always prayed to Our Lady of Guadalupe before his bouts—for himself to win and for his opponent not to be hurt. The treatments are working. "Everything looks good," says Ortega.

He did not say that when recently watching some films of his fights.

"Now I don't see I was so good," Ortega says. "I need something, more technique, more finesse. I see myself very lousy."

Fortunately, a lot of boxing experts take a more objective view of his talent and career, and this October the wanderer who "was very serious to become somebody" will be enshrined with boxing's legendary figures in the World Boxing Hall of Fame in Los Angeles. ■

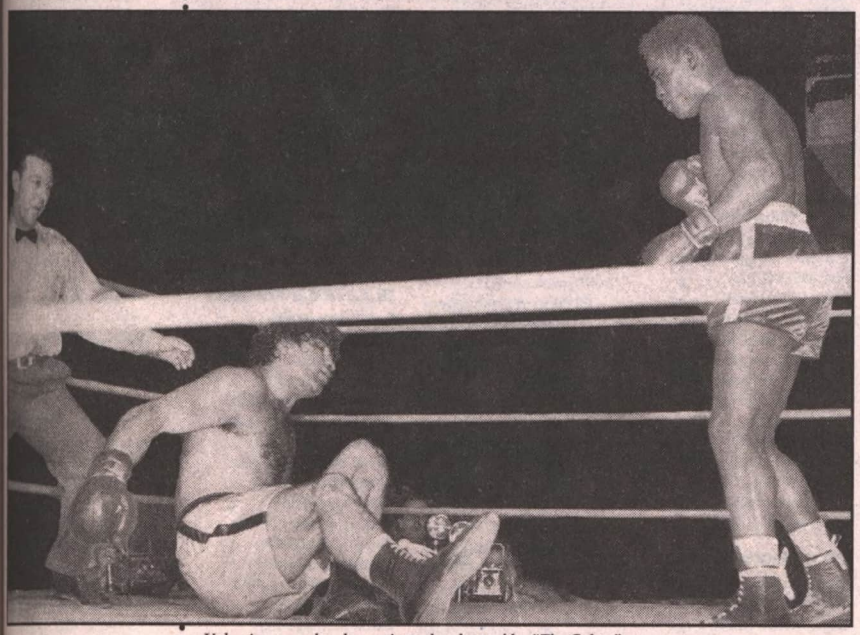
Pete Ehrmann, a frequent contributor to The Ring, is based in West Allis, Wisconsin.

FISKE ON FIGHTS

By Jack Fiske

Today's heavyweight problems are hardly unique. Since World War II, the heavyweights have been a muddled division more often than not. In 1949, following the abdication of the throne by Joe Louis, there were only two heavyweights, Ezzard Charles and Jersey Joe Walcott, considered by the public worthy enough to compete for the vacant title. Fortunately, there weren't a handful of newborn alphabet organizations to offer bogus recognition. As it turned out, Charles decisioned Walcott and became the National Boxing Association champion. Four months later, he kayoed Pat Valentino and gained full acceptance in the United States.

Valentino and I live within a mile of each other in San Francisco, and I see him on occasion. With every meeting I relive his fight with Charles, which took place on October 14, 1949. It was my first title assignment as a ringside reporter. And after a 10-year career, it brought Valentino a brief period of celebrity, though not the riches to go with it. He earned a purse of $5,000, which he split down the middle with his manager.



Valentino was ahead on points when kayoed by "The Cobra"

The fight was the biggest indoor attraction in San Francisco fight history. Every seat and aisle at the Cow Palace was filled with Valentino supporters. After all, the challenger was born in town and lived only a few blocks from the arena. The 17,000 fans at what was the first-ever fight at the WPA-built agricultural arena drew $167,870, then a state record. The local boy, a 5-1 underdog, was a tough bodypuncher, and he more than held his own early, breaking two of Charles' ribs. (The injury would keep the champion out of the ring, exhibitions excluded, for a year.) After seven rounds, and before the knockout in the eighth, Valentino was ahead by a single point on two cards. Charles led on the third card by two points.

Fifteen months before his title fight opportunity, Valentino had undergone surgery to repair a torn retina in his right eye. Shortly after the operation, he won the state heavyweight title in a 15-rounder against Turkey Thompson.

"I needed the money," he explained. "I laid around for 14 months after the operation, then all of a sudden they made the fight with Charles. I knew I wasn't in condition, but I wanted the fight. I could read the eye test through the part of my eye that hadn't been ripped."

Valentino was a one-handed fighter vs. Charles, unable to make an effective fist with his left hand. "Not many people knew it," he said, "but while in the Coast Guard during the war, I accidentally fired a bullet through my left forefinger and it became permanently stiff. I couldn't close my fist, and there went my left hook."

It was Valentino's next-to-last fight. Five months later, he boxed Louis in Chicago in what was billed as an exhibition on "The Brown Bomber's" comeback. Valentino was knocked out in the eighth round. His overall ring record was a respectable 48-12-4 (26).

The heavyweight, a second-cousin of the late movie idol Rudolph Valentino, changed his name from Gugliemi because ring announcers couldn't pronounce it. Keep this in mind when you complain about the heavyweights who fight for the world heavyweight title: Valentino fought outside of California only three times and was hardly a national figure when he got his chance against Charles. Maybe it wasn't Louis-Schmeling or Ali-Frazier, but for different reasons, that's a fight neither one of us will ever forget. ■

WORLDWIDE RATINGS

The ratings of the three major governing bodies recognized by THE RING are supplied by the organizations themselves. They are updated on these pages as soon as they are made available to us. In this issue, the WBA ratings were compiled as of June 1995, and the WBC and IBF ratings were compiled as of July 1995.

HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Oliver McCall (USA)	C	–	–
Bruce Seldon (USA)	–	C	–
Vacant	–	–	C
Mike Tyson (USA)	1	1	–
Lennox Lewis (GB)	2	6	8
Joe Hipp (USA)	3	4	3
Tony Tucker (USA)	4	3	9
Evander Holyfield (USA)	5	–	–
Henry Akinwande (GB)	6	5	7
Frank Bruno (GB)	7	–	–
Francois Botha (SA)	8	2	1
Alexandr Zolkin (RUS)	9	11	11
Peter McNeeley (USA)	10	7	–
Lionel Butler (USA)	13	8	–
Michael Moorer (USA)	12	9	–
Tim Witherspoon (USA)	21	10	–
Axel Schulz (GER)	–	–	2
Buster Mathis (USA)	20	–	4
Corrie Sanders (SA)	16	–	5
Andrew Golota (POL)	17	12	6
Vaughn Bean (USA)	–	–	10

CRUISERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Anaclet Wamba (FRA)	C	–	–
Orlin Norris (USA)	–	C	–
Alfred Cole (USA)	–	–	C
Robert Daniels (USA)	1	4	12
Akim Tafer (FRA)	2	3	8
Patrice Aouissi (FRA)	3	5	4
Arthur Williams (USA)	4	–	–
Mark Randazzo (USA)	5	–	–
Marcelo Dominguez (ARG)	6	–	–
Nate Miller (USA)	7	9	7
Torsten May (GER)	8	–	3
David Izeqwire (NIG)	9	–	10
Terry Dunstan (GB)	10	–	–
Sergei Kobozev (RUS)	–	1	1
Adolpho Washington (USA)	11	2	2
Przemyslaw Saleta (POL)	–	6	–
Alexander Gurov (UKR)	13	7	–
Norbert Ekassi (CAM)	14	8	–
Reynaldo Gimenez (ARG)	16	10	–
Egerton Marcus (USA)	–	–	5
Uriah Grant (USA)	–	–	6
John Andrade (USA)	29	–	9

LT. HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Mike McCallum (USA)	C	–	7
Virgil Hill (USA)	–	C	–
Henry Maske (GER)	–	–	C
Fabrice Tiozzo (FRA)	1	–	–
Eddy Smulders (HOLL)	2	2	–
Montell Griffin (USA)	3	–	3
Ginger Tshabalala (SA)	4	12	8
Merqui Sosa (DR)	5	–	5
Jose Gomez (BRA)	6	1	–
James Toney (USA)	7	–	–
Noel Magee (GB)	8	11	–
Phillipe Michael (FRA)	9	8	12
Eric Nicoletta (FRA)	10	–	–
Duran Williams (USA)	–	3	1
Lou Del Valle (USA)	24	4	–
Ernie Magdaleno (USA)	16	5	–
Michael Nunn (USA)	–	6	9
Drake Thadzi (CAN)	–	7	–
Frank Tate (USA)	13	9	–
Wang Sup Lee (KOR)	–	10	–
Jeff Harding (AUSTRL)	–	–	2
William Guthrie (USA)	–	–	4
Darrin Allen (USA)	–	–	6
Greg Everett (USA)	–	–	10

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Nigel Benn (GB)	C	–	–
Frank Liles (USA)	–	C	–
Roy Jones (USA)	–	–	C
Thulane Malinga (SA)	1	5	4
Tim Littles (USA)	2	1	3
Mauro Galvano (ITA)	3	–	–
Steve Little (USA)	4	–	11
Michael Nunn (USA)	5	–	–
Chris Eubank (GB)	6	–	5
Luciano Torres (BRA)	7	3	–
Cecil McKenzie (USA)	8	–	–
Vincenzo Nardiello (ITA)	9	–	–
Tony Byrd (USA)	10	6	9
Mauricio Amaral (BRA)	27	2	–
Zafarou Ballogou (TOGO)	–	4	–
Graziano Rocchigiani (GER)	–	7	–
Frederic Seiller (FRA)	12	8	–
Bryant Brannon (USA)	21	9	2
Tony Thornton (USA)	16	10	1
Eric Lucas (CAN)	–	–	6
Jean-Claude M'blye (FRA)	20	–	7
Reginaldo Andrade (BRA)	23	–	8
Daniel Perez (USA)	15	–	10

MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Julian Jackson (USA)	C	–	–
Jorge Castro (ARG)	–	C	–
Bernard Hopkins (USA)	–	–	C
Richie Woodhall (GB)	1	7	5
Quincy Taylor (USA)	2	5	2
Joe Lipsey (USA)	3	10	1
Agostino Cardamone (ITA)	4	–	–
Neville Brown (GB)	5	–	7
Dana Rosenblatt (USA)	6	–	–
Silvio Branco (ITA)	7	–	–
John David Jackson (USA)	8	6	4
Reggie Johnson (USA)	9	1	–
Otis Grant (CAN)	10	–	–
Peter Venancio (BRA)	–	2	–
William Joppy (USA)	20	3	3
Shinji Takehara (JAP)	–	4	12
Segundo Mercado (ECU)	24	8	6
Zdravo Kostic (SERB)	14	9	–
Howard Davis (USA)	–	–	8
Juan Viloria (COL)	–	–	9
Robert Allen (USA)	–	–	10

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Luis Santana (DR)	C	–	–
Carl Daniels (USA)	–	C	–
Vincent Pettway (USA)	–	–	C
Terry Norris (USA)	1	–	–
Laurent Boudouani (FRA)	2	4	–
Julio Cesar Vasquez (ARG)	3	1	11
Bronco McKart (USA)	4	7	–
Robert McCracken (GB)	5	3	6
Winky Wright (USA)	6	2	–
Paul Vaden (USA)	7	–	1
Godfrey Nyakana (UGA)	8	12	–
Buddy McGirt (USA)	9	5	4
Javier Castillejo (SPA)	10	8	–
Julio Cesar Green (USA)	–	6	8
Paul Vaden (USA)	–	9	–
Darrin Morris (USA)	–	10	5
Keith Holmes (USA)	24	–	2
Raul Marquez (USA)	17	–	3
Anthony Stephens (USA)	–	–	7
Hernan Mena (COL)	–	–	9
Giovanni Pretorious (SA)	30	–	10

WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Pernell Whitaker (USA)	C	–	–
Ike Quartey (GHA)	–	C	–
Felix Trinidad (PR)	–	–	C
Gary Jacobs (GB)	1	2	4
Larry Barnes (USA)	2	4	1
Andrew Murray (GUY)	3	1	2
Wilfredo Rivera (PR)	4	6	3
Valery Kayumba (FRA)	5	9	7
Crisanto Espana (VEN)	6	5	–
Oba Carr (USA)	7	7	6
Derrell Coley (USA)	8	3	8
Lonnie Smith (USA)	9	–	–
Vincent Phillips (USA)	10	–	–
Andrei Pestryaev (RUS)	27	8	–
Yori Boy Campas (MEX)	–	10	5
Edwin Murillo (PAN)	26	–	9
James Hughes (USA)	–	–	10

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF

Cesar Chavez (MEX)	C	–	–
Randall (USA)	–	C	–
Tszyu (AUSTRL)	–	–	C
Kamau (USA)	1	3	2
Bergman (SA)	2	6	3
Pineda (COL)	3	4	1
Coggi (ARG)	4	2	–
Rahilou (FRA)	5	1	–
Pendleton (USA)	6	9	4
Chaves (ARG)	7	–	–
Hale (GB)	8	10	11
Parisi (ITA)	9	–	–
Sondergaard (DEN)	10	–	–
Ladd (USA)	–	5	5
Scott (USA)	–	7	–
Mas (PR)	14	8	–
Rodriguez (USA)	18	–	6
Padilla (COL)	–	–	7
Oliveira (USA)	19	–	8
Tyson (USA)	15	–	9
Sauli (ITA)	–	–	10

IGHTWEIGHTS	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Angel Gonzalez (MEX)	C	–	–
Nazarov (JAP)	–	C	–
De La Hoya (USA)	–	–	C
Julio (COL)	1	1	1
Baptist Mendy (FRA)	2	–	8
Johnson (USA)	3	3	5
Marchena (MEX)	4	–	–
Mosley (USA)	5	–	–
Silva (ARG)	6	–	–
Holiday (SA)	7	4	2
Johnston (USA)	8	–	6
Robinson (USA)	9	12	4
Ruelas (USA)	10	–	7
Taroreh (INDO)	20	2	–
Sakamoto (JAP)	18	5	–
Rivera (PR)	–	6	–
Lawal (DEN)	19	7	–
Gamache (USA)	25	8	–
Canoy (PHIL)	–	9	–
Schwer (GB)	21	10	9
Lark (USA)	–	–	3
Molina (COL)	–	–	10

LIGHTWEIGHTS	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Ruelas (USA)	C	–	–
	–	C	–
Hopson (USA)	–	–	C
Nelson (GHA)	1	3	5
Alexandrov (RUS)	2	5	12
Gatti (USA)	3	–	1
James Leija (USA)	4	6	7
Johnson (TRIN)	5	11	–
Yoma (FRA)	6	8	–
Soo Choi (KOR)	7	2	–
Warren (USA)	8	–	–
Hernandez (USA)	9	–	–
Liberatore (USA)	10	–	–
Hugo Paz (ARG)	–	1	–
Gerena (PR)	–	4	–
Havard (GB)	15	7	–
Lorcy (FRA)	17	9	10
Lifa (FRA)	13	10	6
Rodriguez (DR)	–	–	2
Rangel (COL)	–	–	3
Sinitsin (RUS)	12	–	4
Patterson (USA)	–	–	8
Samardin (AUSTRL)	20	–	9

THERWEIGHTS	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
dro Gonzalez (MEX)	C	–	–
Rojas (VEN)	–	C	–
Johnson (USA)	–	–	C
Soto (MEX)	1	–	–
Kelley (USA)	2	5	3
Beleno (COL)	3	3	1
Padilla (PR)	4	7	6
Patterson (USA)	5	–	–
Lizarraga (USA)	6	–	5
Labdouni (FRA)	7	11	–
Rios (ARG)	8	–	–
Medina (MEX)	9	–	9
Harada (JAP)	10	–	–
Arrozal (PHIL)	11	1	2
Vasquez (PR)	–	2	10

Yung Kyun Park (KOR)	–	4	–
Orlando Soto (PAN)	15	6	8
Nobutoshi Hiranaka (JAP)	–	8	–
Yuji Watanabe (JAP)	17	9	–
Luis Mendoza (COL)	–	10	–
Victor Polo (COL)	–	–	4
Francisco Segura (USA)	21	12	7

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Hector Acero-Sanchez (DR)	C	–	–
Antonio Cermeno (VEN)	–	C	–
Vuyani Bungu (SA)	–	–	C
Jesus Salud (USA)	1	7	8
Daniel Zaragoza (MEX)	2	–	–
Naseem Hamed (GB)	3	3	3
Julio Gervacio (DR)	4	–	–
Erik Morales (MEX)	5	–	–
Reynaldo Hurtado (COL)	6	–	–
Jesse Benavides (USA)	7	–	–
Wilfredo Vasquez (PR)	8	–	–
Yuichi Kasai (JAP)	9	5	–
Junior Jones (USA)	10	8	–
Ramon Guzman (VEN)	23	1	–
Rafael Del Valle (PR)	28	2	–
Orlando Canizales (USA)	–	4	4
Arnulfo Romero (PAN)	–	6	–
Tsuyoshi Harada (JAP)	–	9	–
Guty Espadas (MEX)	11	10	–
Pablo Ozuna (COL)	–	–	1
Welcome Ncita (SA)	17	–	2
Anton Gilmore (SA)	19	–	5
Kennedy McKinney (USA)	21	–	6
Nurhuda (INDO)	–	–	7
Maui Diaz (USA)	12	–	9
Daniel Alicer (PR)	–	–	10

BANTAMWEIGHTS	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Yasuei Yakushiji (JAP)	C	–	–
Daorung Chuvatana (THAI)	–	C	–
Mbulelo Botile (SA)	–	–	C
Wayne McCullough (IRE)	1	7	1
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi (JAP)	2	6	–
Nana Konadu (GHA)	3	1	–
Khaoyai Mahasarakam (THAI)	4	–	7
Victor Rabanales (MEX)	5	–	–
Roberto Moran (ARG)	6	–	–
John Armour (GB)	7	9	3
Jose Luis Bueno (MEX)	8	–	–
John Michael Johnson (USA)	9	12	–
Pastor Maurin (ARG)	10	–	–
Johnny Bredahl (DEN)	–	2	–
Jorge Julio (COL)	12	3	12
Yong Hoon Lee (KOR)	–	4	–
Lukhin CP Gym (THAI)	–	5	–
Abraham Torres (VEN)	20	8	–
In Jin Chi (KOR)	13	10	–
Ancee Gedeon (USA)	–	–	2
Harold Mestre (COL)	–	–	4
Juvenal Berrio (COL)	–	–	5
Paul Ayala (USA)	25	–	6
Rafael Del Valle (PR)	–	–	8
Sam Stewart (USA)	–	–	9
Sergio Reyes (USA)	18	–	10

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Hiroshi Kawashima (JAP)	C	–	–
Hyung Chul Lee (KOR)	–	C	–
Harold Grey (COL)	–	–	C
Cecilio Espino (MEX)	1	6	6
Gerry Penalosa (PHIL)	2	4	–
Johnny Bredahl (DEN)	3	–	–
Luis Bolano (COL)	4	–	–
Joel Luna Zarate (MEX)	5	–	–
Carlos Salazar (ARG)	6	–	–
Julio Borboa (MEX)	7	–	5
David Griman (VEN)	8	2	–
Satoshi Iida (JAP)	9	3	–
In Joo Cho (KOR)	10	–	–
Alimi Goitia (VEN)	–	1	–
Julio Gamboa Blanco (NIC)	16	5	–
Ernie Cataluna (PHIL)	–	7	–
Seung Koo Lee (KOR)	14	8	–
Adonis Cruz (NIC)	13	9	–
Piruz Boy (INDO)	12	10	–
Jaji Sibali (SA)	–	–	1
Ubadel Soto (COL)	–	–	2
Ricky Matulessi (INDO)	–	–	3

Jose Diaz (USA)	25	–	4
Ratanachai Sor Voraphin (THAI)	21	–	7
Orlando Tobon (COL)	–	–	8
Domingo Sosa (DR)	19	–	9
Cesar Singo (EQU)	–	–	10

FLYWEIGHTS	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Yuri Arbachakov (RUS)	C	–	–
Saen Sow Ploenchit (THAI)	–	C	–
Danny Romero (USA)	–	–	C
Chatchai Elite-Gym (THAI)	1	–	–
Mark Johnson (USA)	2	–	3
Miguel Martinez (MEX)	3	–	11
Hugo Soto (ARG)	4	–	–
Oscar Arciniega (MEX)	5	–	–
Isaias Zamudio (USA)	6	9	–
Chokchai 3-K Battery (THAI)	7	4	–
Raul Rios (MEX)	8	–	–
Enrique Orozco (MEX)	9	–	–
Jesus Zuniga (COL)	10	–	–
Leo Gamez (VEN)	–	1	–
Alvaro Mercado (COL)	–	2	–
Hiroki Ioka (JAP)	24	3	–
Evangelino Perez (PAN)	–	5	–
Aquiles Guzman (VEN)	–	6	–
Yong Soon Chang (KOR)	–	7	–
Sung Tae Lim (KOR)	–	8	–
Jesus Rojas (VEN)	16	10	–
Ferid Ben Jeddou (TUN)	17	–	1
Chatchai Sasakul (THAI)	–	–	2
Yokthai Sithoar (THAI)	–	–	4
Francisco Tejedor (COL)	11	–	5
Abdi Pohan (INDO)	–	–	6
Yodchingchai Sornthong (THAI)	–	–	7
Jose Luis Zepeda (MEX)	–	–	8
Manuel Herrera (USA)	–	–	9
Arthur Johnson (USA)	–	–	10

JR. FLYWEIGHTS	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Chiquita Gonzalez (MEX)	C	–	C
Hi Yong Choi (KOR)	–	C	–
Melchor Cob Castro (MEX)	1	5	3
Michael Carbajal (USA)	2	2	5
Jesus Chong (MEX)	3	–	–
Carlos Murillo (PAN)	4	1	2
Saman Sorjaturong (THAI)	5	–	8
Javier Varguez (MEX)	6	–	–
Miguel Angel Granados (MEX)	7	–	–
Yong Soon Chang (KOR)	8	–	–
Eric Griffin (USA)	9	6	–
Yuichi Hosono (JAP)	10	3	4
Hadao C.P. Gym (THAI)	11	4	–
Manuel Herrera (MEX)	–	7	–
Puma Kanehira (MEX)	–	8	–
Pichitnoi Sithbangprachan (THAI)	–	9	–
Jose Garcia (COL)	–	10	–
Mauricio Pastrana (COL)	–	–	1
Yani Malhendo (INDO)	–	–	6
Shiro Yahiro (JAP)	23	–	7
Onewin Chareon (THAI)	–	–	9
James Wanene (KEN)	24	–	10

STRAWWEIGHTS	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Ricardo Lopez (MEX)	C	–	–
Chana Porpaoin (THAI)	–	C	–
Ratanapol Vorapin (THAI)	–	–	C
Ala Villamor (PHIL)	1	3	11
Rocky Lin (JAP)	2	–	9
Kermin Guardia (COL)	3	2	–
Osvaldo Guerrero (MEX)	4	9	2
Songkram Porpaoin (THAI)	5	6	–
Shinichi Tamaki (JAP)	6	7	–
Joma Gamboa (PHIL)	7	12	3
Andy Tabanas (PHIL)	8	10	–
Yodsing Saengmorokot (THAI)	9	–	–
Rosendo Alvarez (NIC)	10	1	1
Jin Ho Kim (KOR)	–	4	–
Saman Sorjaturong (THAI)	–	5	–
Seo Kjin Yang (KOR)	11	8	–
Ernesto Rubillar (PHIL)	–	11	4
Surachai Saengmorokot (THAI)	–	–	5
Jack Russell (AUSTRL)	21	–	6
Oscar Flores (COL)	–	–	7
Rafael Torres (USA)	–	–	8
Roger Espanola (PHIL)	14	–	10

CLASSIC

BRIGHT EYES

The Story Of Jack Delaney, One Of The Greatest Fighters In The Light Heavyweight Division

From THE RING, January 1949

By Eddie Merrill

"Bright Eyes" they called him when he fought around Bridgeport. Ovila Chapdelaine was his name, but as Jack Delaney, he carved a niche in the fistic Hall of Fame.

Little did Ovila, the boy who played with real Indians on the island of St. Francis, about 45 miles from Montreal, dream that one day he would be crowned light heavyweight champion of the world, thus emulating the deeds of a number of other famous French-Canadians who had come to the fore in the field of pugilism.

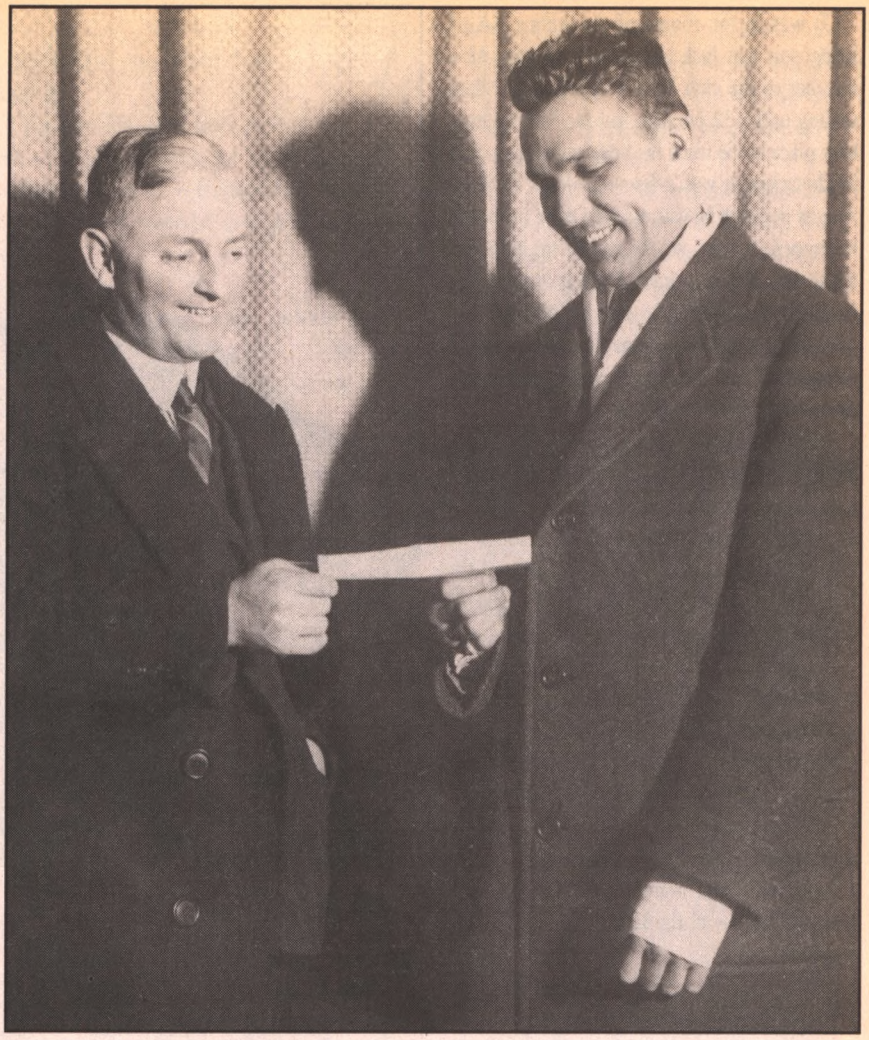
There was George LaBlanche, originator of the pivot blow, the punch with which he knocked out Nonpareil Jack Dempsey to win the world middleweight crown; Noah Brusso, who, as Tommy Burns, won the world heavyweight title; Arthur Pelkey, the man who gained fame by stopping Luther McCarty in one round, the latter succumbing in the ring after being counted out; and George "Kid" Lavigne, Dave Deshler, Patsy Drouillard, and Gilbert Gallant, among others, who put Canada on the pugilistic map. Great boxers, each of them, but none greater than was Delaney.

Not many boxers succeed in capturing the fancy of the public as did Delaney during the riotous '20s, when the field was loaded with top talent. Tall and handsome, he oozed personality. Jack was a likable fellow both in and out of the ring, and that's why he had a tremendous following. A student of boxing, he also carried a powerful wallop, but his greatest asset was a keen brain.

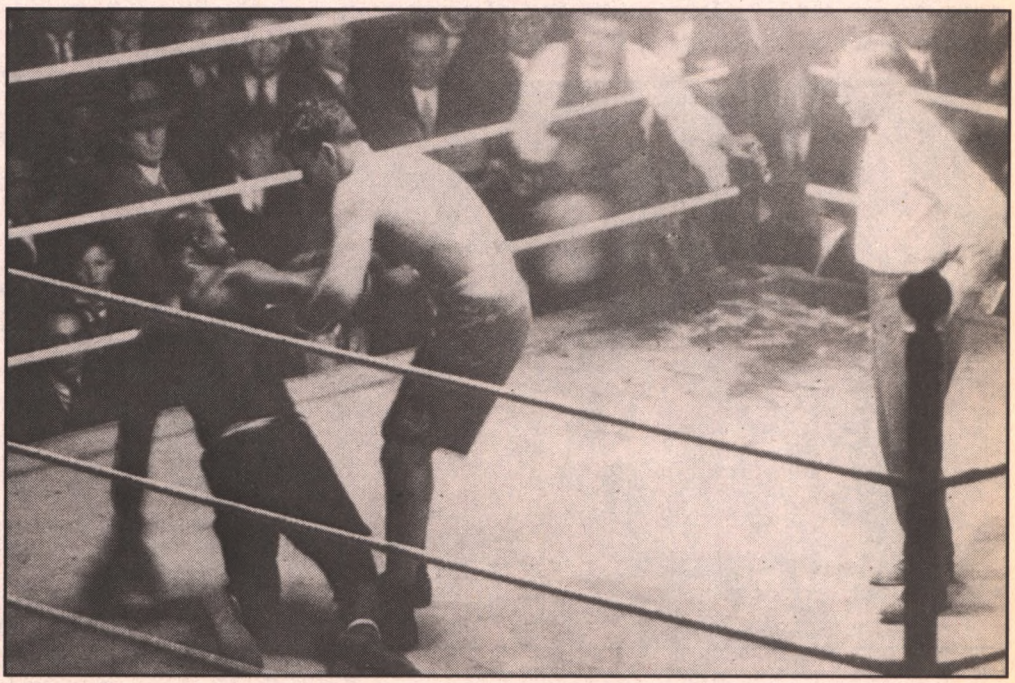
He was a man who believed in himself. He had faith in his ability, and this faith is what helped him when his life hung by a thread following a most delicate brain operation at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York several months ago.

***

Delaney did not come from a fighting family. He learned how to hook and jab the hard way. He did not inherit his great footwork and mastery of a left hook in combination with a devastating right cross. It was something he had to learn, and he succeeded in gaining his knowledge through steady gymnasium grinds.



Delaney and manager Pete Riley admire a paycheck received for one of the light heavyweight's fights. No, they're not playing tug-o-war. Delaney's career skyrocketed under Riley's guidance.



Ever the gentleman, Delaney helps the overmatched Jamaica Kid to his feet after knocking him down during their 1926 battle in Waterbury, Connecticut. In his first fight after winning the world title, Delaney scored a third-round kayo.

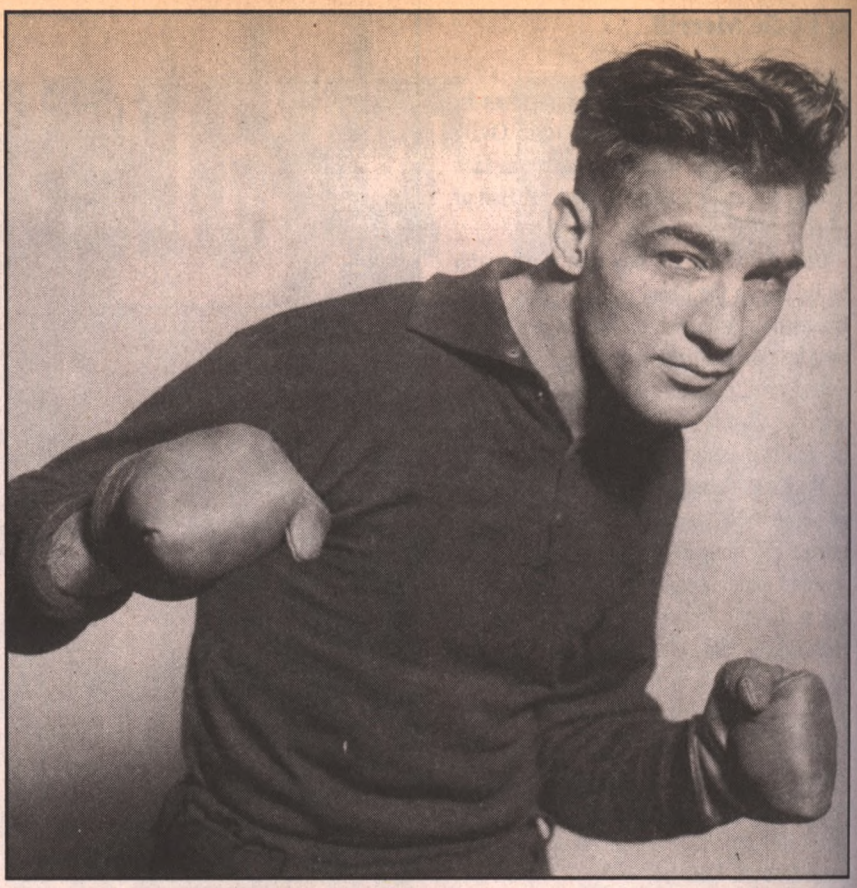
It was in the rooms of the Acorn AA of Bridgeport that Jack learned how to box. As a member of the club back in 1919, Ovila, then scaling only 132 pounds, had his first fight. It took place in the room the boys called their club headquarters. It was a four-rounder with Steve August in which he was dropped three times and his opponent four. At the end of the mill, the affair was termed a draw. For this shellacking, each boy received the sum of $4. Not satisfied with the result, Chapdelaine asked for a return engagement, and this time they clashed in a six-rounder. Again the result was a draw.

Al Jennings, a local handler of fighters, liked the looks of young Ovila and asked him if he cared to turn professional and make his living at boxing. Chapdelaine agreed, and though he was a big, crude lad, he possessed some of the fighting qualities that appealed to Jennings. Al decided to take a chance with the boy.

Jennings, a veteran in the game, and one who thoroughly understood how to handle a newcomer, put Ovila in several soft spots in an effort to have the youngster acquire the tricks of the trade and by degrees become proficient in every branch. Jennings tired of listening to announcers trying to pronounce the name of Chapdelaine and hence changed it to Jack Delaney. As such, the latter continued in the ring thereafter.

***

Jack gradually took on weight, and a little more than three years after his debut, he fought Lou Bogash for the New England title. He returned the winner after 15 torrid sessions. His first setback came at the hands of Augie Ratner, who hit him on the back of the ear, with Delaney crumpling up as if shot. But that defeat didn't scare Delaney out of boxing. He made up his mind that he would get back into the fistic spotlight, and this he did when he knocked out George Shade in one round, outpointed Jack McCarron, Hugh Ross, and George Robinson, a rough, tough Negro (twice), and halted both Jackie Clark and Leo Leonard.



Paul Berlenbach was Delaney's arch-rival. The light heavyweights clashed four times, with Delaney winning three of the bouts.

Then came a parting of ways between Delaney and his manager. Jennings was having a tough time getting fights for his charge, and he didn't think he could do the boy justice by keeping him idle. The more bouts Jack won, the harder it became to get him opponents. Hence Jennings put Jack on the market and sold his contract for $900 to Frank Marlow, a gambler and race horse owner. Marlow then turned Jack over to Pete Riley. It was under Pete's management that Delaney began to show real promise and make rapid advancement. Riley, a go-getter, got plenty of work for Delaney, and Pete's efforts were rewarded when Jack made good with a vengeance.

***

In the ring, there probably never was a smoother, more graceful boxer, a more accurate, sharpshooting ringman than Delaney. His greatest fights were made under the guidance of Riley, though his toughest battle, he often remarked, was his first pro fight in Bridgeport with August back in 1919.

There was no better fighting machine at his weight than Delaney. Harry Greb was far more spectacular, but in all-around perfection the

Delaney on the links with sparring partner George Ward. The French-Canadian champion was one of the smartest fighters in boxing history. His prime coincided with the golden age of the light heavyweight division.

Bridgeport battler had it on the Pittsburgher. When one talks of fighting courage, he must class Jack close to the top. Not that he had more than other great fighters possessed, but because of the tremendous obstacles he overcame in reaching the top rung of the ladder.

Misfortune followed Jack from the very start of his pro career, when he broke the cartilage around the bone in the middle of the knuckle of his right hand. The injury put Delaney on the shelf for four months. It healed improperly, and for several years he was unable to make proper use of the hand, his best stock in trade. Yet he fought several sensational battles despite that handicap.

Various illnesses took their toll during Jack's rise to fistic fame, but he was never discouraged. His faith in himself continued and proved the most powerful asset in his fighting career.

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Under Riley's management, Delaney began to show his true mettle. He whipped Italian Joe Gans easily. He speared the Brooklynite with left hooks to the face and body, but seldom used his right because of the injury he had suffered two years previously. The only time he did make use of it during the fight proved costly, for it again went back on him.

Delaney was eager for a return engagement with Ratner, who had previously defeated him, and Doc Bagley, Ratner's manager, obliged. They clashed at the Commonwealth Club of New York City, and Delaney turned the tables on his opponent. It was a 12-rounder, and Jack handed Augie a terrific beating.

THE RING RATINGS, *January 1949*

Marcel Cerdan

HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Joe Louis

1. Joe Walcott
2. Ezzard Charles
3. Lee Savold
4. Jimmy Bivins
5. Johnny Flynn
6. Joe Baksi
7. Rusty Payne
8. Melio Bettina
9. Joe Kahut
10. Joey Maxim

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Freddie Mills

1. Gus Lesnevich
2. Sylvester Perkins
3. Dave Sands
4. Lloyd Marshall
5. Archie Moore
6. Charley (Doc) Williams
7. Nick Barone
8. Pat McCafferty
9. Leonard Morrow
10. Henry Hall

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champ: Marcel Cerdan

1. Bert Lytell
2. Tony Zale
3. Cyrille Delannoit
4. Jake LaMotta
5. Steve Belloise
6. Rocky Graziano
7. Anton Raadik
8. Dick Turpin
9. Robert Villemain
10. Lee Sala

WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Ray Robinson

1. Bernard Docusen
2. Kid Gavilan
3. Tommy Bell
4. Johnny Greco
5. Charley Fusari
6. Charley Williams
7. Johnny Cesario
8. Gene Burton
9. Billy Graham
10. Henry Hall

LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champ: Ike Williams

1. Enrique Bolanos
2. Maxie Docusen
3. Freddie Dawson
4. Tommy Campbell
5. Jesse Flores
6. Bolton Ford
7. Paulino Montes
8. Carlos Chavez
9. Johnny Williams
10. Paddy DeMarco

FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Sandy Saddler

1. Willie Pep
2. Ray Famechon
3. Elis Ask
4. Miguel Acevedo
5. Tirso del Rosario
6. Eddie Miller
7. Lauro Salas
8. Eddie Compo
9. Jackie Graves
10. Henry Davis

BANTAMWEIGHTS
World Champ: Manuel Ortiz

1. Cecil Schoonmaker
2. Guido Ferracin
3. Luis Romero
4. Memo Valero
5. Chico Rosa
6. Jackie Paterson
7. Georges Mousse
8. David Kui Kong Young
9. Luis Galvani
10. Theo Medina

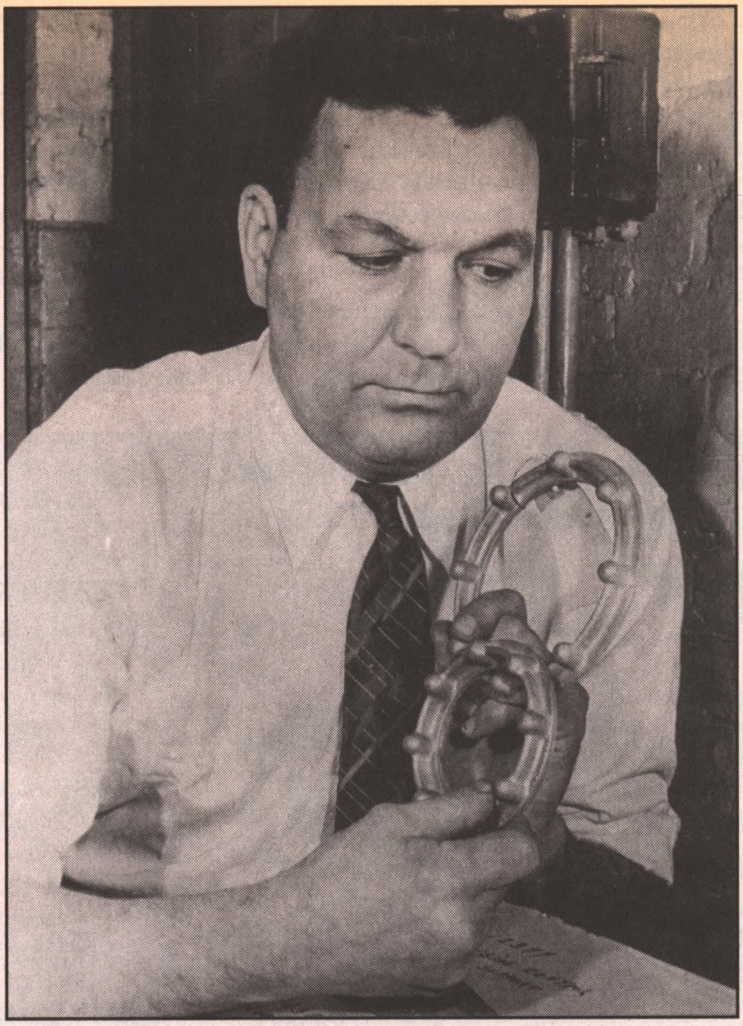
FLYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Rinty Monaghan

1. Maurice Sandeyron
2. Dickie O'Sullivan
3. Dado Marino
4. Monito Flores
5. Louis Skena
6. Emile Famechon
7. Black Pico
8. Charlie Squire
9. Al Chavez
10. Jimmy Hog

Next came Andy Palmer, and he likewise suffered a shellacking. Then Jack boxed rings around Jimmy Darcy in the semifinal to the championship middleweight battle between Harry Greb and Johnny Wilson at the Polo Grounds. In that contest, Delaney's hand again became battered, and he was forced to lay off for several months. Jack was taken by Riley to Dr. Fralick, a specialist in bone setting, who performed a miraculous job. In a short time he gave Delaney a better hand than Jack had exhibited since starting his fighting career. Thereafter, Delaney never again suffered a hand injury.

***

The first fellow to sample Delaney's made-over mitt was Tommy Loughran, at the time considered one of the world's cleverest light heavyweights. Jack beat Tommy in Boston in 10 rounds. Following that, Riley fed Jack with a tough hombre in Sailor Martin, whom Delaney sunk in 39 seconds of the opening round.



Delaney surveys his work at the Brewster Aeronautical Co. plant during World War II. He fought until 1932, and died shortly after undergoing brain surgery in 1948.

Riley was now after bigger game for his boy. He aimed to get at a young man who was being touted to the skies in New York, Paul Berlenbach, who had turned from wrestling to boxing, and under the tutelage of Dan Hickey, former trainer for Bob Fitzsimmons, was making a spectacular rise. Paul and Jack had clashed in the old Garden on March 15, 1924, and "Pop 'em Paul" was popped over three times in a soul-stirring contest before a record Garden gathering of more than 14,000, which witnessed Delaney stop his opponent in the fourth round.

It was one of the wildest, most sensational battles ever staged in the old sports emporium. It was a battle of brawn against brain—the bludgeon against the rapier. For the first two rounds and the better part of the third, it was a hectic mill, with neither having an advantage. Then, with a suddenness that took the spectators off-guard, it happened!

As Berlenbach rushed in, Delaney, on his toes, coolly measured his man. Over went a right with all the force of the body behind it, and it landed flush on the chin of "Oom Paul." He crashed to the canvas, his head striking the padded ring with such force that it bounced off the floor. Groggily, the Astoria slugger staggered to his feet at the count of six, and Delaney, sensing the kill, rushed forth to end the mill. But before he could connect, the gong sounded.

They hustled Paul to his corner, where Hickey tried desperately to revive him. The bell sounded for the start of the fourth round, and Berlenbach staggered out of his corner. It was obvious that the third round had left its mark and that a quick knockout would end the fight. And so it was. Paul was dropped twice more in that session, and he was stumbling about the ring when referee Jack O'Sullivan, to prevent a fatality, stepped between the men and called a halt.

That defeat represented only a temporary setback for Berlenbach. Tex Rickard, the ring's most colorful promoter, was arranging a program with which to open the new Garden, and in typical Rickard style, the Temple of Sport's hottest natural was a meeting between Delaney and Berlenbach, a return engagement, this time with the world light heavyweight title at stake.

Between the first and second engagements, Berlenbach had won the crown by defeating Mike McTigue on May 30, and Tex figured that a tilt between Paul and Delaney would be an ideal bout with which to open his new sports arena, of which he was mighty proud.

The contest took place on December 11, and it went into the records of Fistiana as the first boxing match to be staged in The House That Tex Built. A week before that battle, Jack cut a deep gash under his knee while chopping wood, and instead of asking for a postponement, he confided in Rickard and his manager and decided to keep the matter a secret from the public, and because of the importance of the mill to Rickard, go through with the match. It was a tough assignment in which Delaney fought practically on one foot, yet it was a very close affair, with Berlenbach retaining the crown.

Delaney was peeved when the decision went against him and stoutly maintained that he had won. The receipts for that bout were $144,365, of which Paul got $54,136 and Jack $18,045. They had two more clashes, both Delaney victories.

***

The third was a 15-rounder at Ebbets Field, staged by Humbert Fugazy for the Italian Hospital Fund, a bout that set a new record for any match in a class other than heavyweight. Close to 50,000 persons saw the contest, and the gross receipts amounted to $461,789. Reversing the order of their previous title contest, Delaney carried the fight to his rival during the last five rounds and piled up a sufficient lead to gain the decision. That bout marked the beginning of the end for Berlenbach. In their next encounter in

Chicago, Paul was kayoed in the sixth round.

Delaney was one of the cleverest fighters of his era. With Loughran, Gene Tunney, McTigue, and Jimmy Slattery, boxing had a quintet of scientific ringsters such as seldom have appeared in our era in one division. As a student of boxing, Delaney surpassed Tunney, who often has been named by boxing critics as the ace in that line. He had a greater variety in attack and defense than Gene and was a harder hitter. Tunney was stronger, more rugged, and heavier, and in a contest between them, Gene would have been favored on that account.

Old-timers frequently referred to Delaney as a big Joe Gans, and the reason for that was his intelligence. When it came to ring intelligence, they had no superior to "The Master," and Delaney in many respects had much of what Gans possessed. Today, the majority of fight fans boot a fighter who feints for an opening and holds back his punch until he can land accurately and in a vital spot. But those who are keen students of boxing enjoy seeing such a man in the ring, and in Delaney they had that type of fighter.

He would wait for an opponent to make a mistake, and when it came, he was mighty quick to take advantage of it. When Jack fought, the crowd was always on edge because there was no telling when he would suddenly cut loose and shoot across the blow that would mean the kayo.

***

He was master in the art of surprise. He studied his man and would use different attacks on different opponents, and often he would box four rounds or even more before he uncorked his surprise punches. He would lead his rival to expect one thing and would astound him by doing the opposite. The unexpected punch was covered up by the use of defensive movements that fooled the opponent. Then came the wallop that would find the rival sprawled on the canvas. That's why Delaney was such a pleasing battler.

One of Delaney's best feats was the kayo of Tiger Flowers. At the time the Georgia Deacon was taking the measure of the best men in the land and halting them, and Delaney was looked upon as a cinch for the Tiger. Yet when they clashed, Jack knocked the Tiger so cold in the second round with a single punch that Walk Miller, manager of the Deacon, claimed Delaney had hidden a foreign object in his glove. This, of course, was disproved by the commission, and Miller was severely censured for making the uncalled for squawk.

In the fight with Bud Gorman, Delaney gave probably the best example of his skill and punching power. Bud was a dangerous heavyweight, a clever, hard hitter, and when he met Delaney, Jack scaled only 175 to Gorman's 201. In the first round, Gorman not only outclassed Jack, but brought the claret from his mouth and nose. But in the second, Delaney went after his man with a finesse that was astonishing.

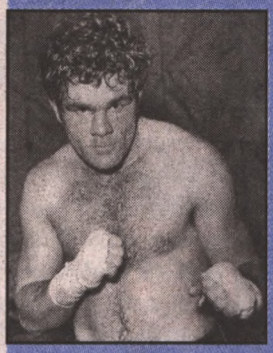
A right clip on the chin put Bud flat on his back. Up came Bud, only to be floored again with a blow behind the ear. Gorman took a count of eight and pulled himself up by grasping the ropes. The moment Gorman turned toward him, Delaney shot another right to the chin, and Bud was so helpless, the referee stepped in and halted the bout.

Gorman was a sparring partner for Tunney when Gene was training for his first bout with Jack Dempsey, and he was no setup for anyone. He had also whipped Jack Sharkey, who had previously beaten Harry Wills, hence the Delaney triumph was a feather in the cap of the Bridgeport battler.

They came no better than Jack Delaney, and the boxing world is rooting hard for his complete recovery from the ailment that has put him on his back for many months. ■

THE RING, January 1949

The Cover: Perhaps the hottest fighter in the game, world middleweight champion Marcel Cerdan graces the cover. In one of boxing's greatest tragedies, Cerdan would be killed in an airplane crash in October, four months after losing the crown to Jake LaMotta.



A Boxing Revival: Boxing is heating up, largely due to an influx of new champions, including international stars and world champions such as England's Freddie Mills (pictured) and France's Marcel Cerdan. Another key factor is the reorganization of the 20th Century Sporting Club. Longtime promoter Mike Jacobs is stepping down, with Harry Markson to assume command.

Attell's Analysis: Former featherweight champion Abe Attell analyzes the state of boxing and lists his all-time best. Attell's choices: Heavyweight: James J. Jeffries; Light Heavyweight: Philadelphia Jack O'Brien; Middleweight: Stanley Ketchel; Welterweight: Tommy Ryan; Lightweight: Joe Gans; Featherweight: Terry McGovern; Bantamweight: George Dixon.

Knocking At The Door: Nat Loubet examines some of the up-and-coming light heavyweights who figure to threaten the reign of newly crowned world champion Freddie Mills. Included is Philadelphia's Harold Johnson (pictured). The unbeaten prospect has already challenged Mills through his promoter, Herman Taylor.

Fighter Of The Month: Featherweight champion Sandy Saddler is the winner based on his upset title fight victory over Willie Pep. The four-round kayo was the first stoppage defeat of Pep's 137-bout career. Also worthy of mention: heavyweights Joe Kahut, who defeated Joey Maxim, and Johnny Flynn, who surprised Rusty Payne.

LOOKING AHEAD

By Steve Farhood

SUGAR RAY: ONE MORE TIME?

A month or two ago, the rumor was Sugar Ray Leonard vs. Vinny Pazienza. In the summer, word spread about Leonard vs. Hector Camacho. Here's the comeback fight *du jour*: Leonard-Marvin Hagler II.

Whether Leonard, who hasn't fought since February 1991, gloves 'em up again or not, there can be no denying he misses the ring. He's kept himself in good shape, and you just know that when he watches some of today's welterweights and middleweights in action, he believes he could still dazzle them with his skills. But Sugar Ray is 39, and in his last bout, an embarrassingly one-sided decision loss to Terry Norris, he seemed all used up.

Hagler and Leonard: Older—and wiser, too?

Attorney Mike Trainer, Leonard's longtime adviser, was reluctant to talk about yet another comeback because "there's nothing to say." He did add, however, that "Ray has recently expressed an interest in fighting Hagler, but Hagler hasn't given any indication that he wants to fight Ray. Hagler is the only one Ray has talked to me about."

In April 1987, Leonard returned from a three-year retirement and in a major upset, edged Hagler on points. Hagler hasn't fought since. The former middleweight champion, now 41, spends most of his time in Italy.

"Nothing's impossible, but right now I'd say no, Marvin's not ready to make a comeback," said Goodie Petronelli, Hagler's trainer. "Hell, tomorrow might be another story."

In other words, there's never been a fighter who didn't reserve the right to change his mind.

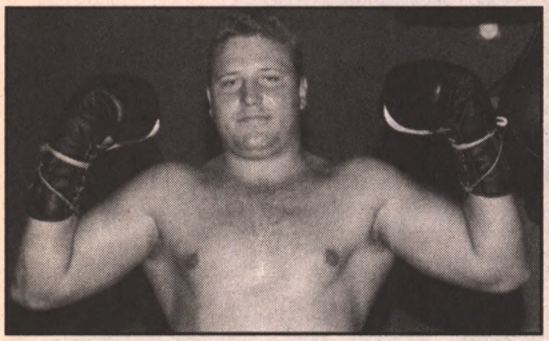


Photo by Jay Lash

Botha: Scheduled to square off with Axel Schulz

LISTEN UP

IBF junior welterweight champion **Kostya Tszyu's** next defense will be against Colombia's **Hugo Pineda** in October ... Look for **Frans Botha** and **Axel Schulz** to square off for the vacant IBF heavyweight title in December, probably in Germany ... IBF light heavyweight champion **Henry Maske** will defend vs. the unaccomplished **Duran Williams** on October 14 in Germany ... In November, **Alexandr Zolkin** and **Herbie Hide** are scheduled to clash in England ... The word is that **Chiquita Gonzalez** will get another crack at **Saman Sorjaturong**, but only after the Thai makes his first defense of the WBC-IBF junior flyweight title. Sorjaturong-Gonzalez II will likely be held in Thailand.

FUTURE FIGHTS

By Art Manteris

VP/Director of Race and Sports Operations Las Vegas Hilton SuperBook

Favorite	Underdog	Odds	The Skinny
Hector Camacho	Sugar Ray Leonard	8-5	Slight edge to Camacho
Tommy Morrison	Lennox Lewis	even	Tommy coming off fine victory, but either could win
Johnny Tapia	Danny Romero	8-5	Tapia has more experience and firepower
Chiquita Gonzalez	Saman Sorjaturong	3½-1	Revenge should be sweet for Chiquita

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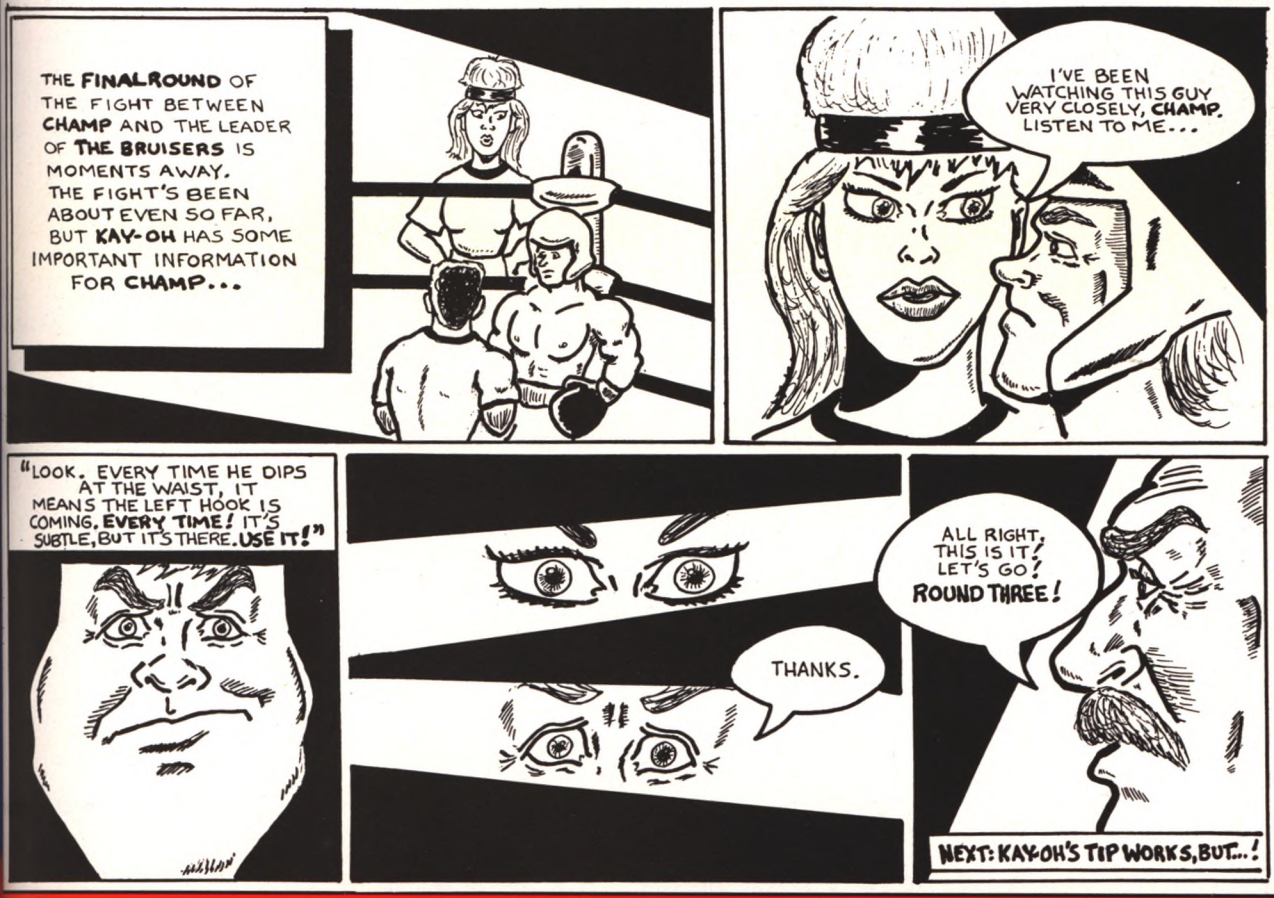

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Craig Peters & Steve Anderson

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